

I STAND ALONE

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By

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Former Ethiopian Ambassador to the United States

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Preface

This small book is not a biographical sketch nor an essay but a condensed form of a "compte rendu" about my experiences in the United States and about the events which have taken place following my resignation from my post as the Ambassador to the White House of Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia. Its purpose is to examine life in exile as it is in various conditions and to share my views with the reader who has a real concern about the social and political problems of our time. I hope that in the future I will have the opportunity of enlarging my book with more details of day-by-day happenings in chronological order. Perhaps, however, the reader will be satisfied with it now as it is, and will not bother about the details.

A young journalist was sent by his editor to interview an old merchant who had suddenly emerged as a millionaire. His paper sought a human-interest story on how this unthought-of and ordinary old man had succeeded in accumulating such wealth. "It is a long story," said the old man, "and because I am going to explain it to you in detail, we may as well save the candle." Forthwith he blew the candle out. "Never mind about the details of the story," said the young journalist. "Now I can understand without it. You are thoughtful and wise to save your candle. By doing so, you have also saved me my time."

So in this small book, if the reader understands the essentials of the story, he will save his time as well as my candle.

B.D.

Dedication

Dear Mother:

I respectfully dedicate this small book to you, not only because you bore me and gave me your tender affection when I was an infant, but because you have suffered with me in your old age when you need a quiet life and gentle care. You have been inhumanly evicted by the agent of Haile Sellasie from the house which is rightfully yours, and left homeless, just because your son has refused to bow to tyranny. It was a cowardly step and unworthy to derive satisfaction from the grief of an elderly, helpless mother such as you. I am convinced, Mama, that your case will not be ignored before the august throne of justice, where the actions of men will be weighed in "the sacred balance at the gates of eternity."

Your loving son,

Berhanou

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The pictures illustrated in this book, are intended — apart from their pertinence to the story — to show the contrast of a diplomatic life from the real one.

CHAPTER I

Becoming an Exile

Whenever one thinks of the nature of exile for a worthy cause or principle, inevitably one's mind will be crowded with many of the noble figures of the past who have been its victims. Among these, Pope Gregory VII stands out because of the famous last words he uttered: "*Dilexi justitiam et odi iniquitatem; propterea morior in exilio,*" or "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile." Pope Gregory was the most noteworthy character after Charlemagne that the Middle Ages produced, especially because of the reforms he had introduced in the church, such as the correction of simony and freeing the church from the control of the temporal lords and princes. He made the quoted statement in Salerno, where he had been driven into exile by Henry IV, Emperor of Germany. This Emperor had raised an army and invaded Italy to avenge the Pope's action in excommunicating and humiliating him because of his refusal to recognize the Papal decree of reform.

Exile itself is old as a social institution. In ancient society a person who did not conform to the standard social mores had to face two choices: either to die for his idea or to exile himself to a foreign land where he could be safe from the anger of his opponents. It was Greece that for the first time in human history put to the test a legal form of banishment, which to a certain degree would moderate its harshness. To banish a citizen from Athens, there were required at least six thousand votes cast against him in a meeting of the popular assembly. The name of the person whose banishment was sought was

written on a piece of pottery or shell (in Greek *ostrakon*); hence the term "ostracism." Though sometimes the rule of ostracism was wrongly applied as in the case of Aristides, called "the just," the very fact that the people had to be asked to vote on this matter was one of the important innovations in the Athenian democracy introduced by Clisthenes. I myself was not voted into exile. Therefore, except for its historical value, I do not derive any benefit from the Greek tradition.

Though I am one of those who believe that the earth belongs to all of the human race, despite artificial boundaries laid down by individual nations, nevertheless I have not been able to escape feeling somehow uneasy, insecure and dispirited in a foreign land. Unless the exile makes unusual efforts to overcome this feeling and to adjust himself to the new environment, his sanctuary will inevitably turn into a place of confinement. This, of course, depends on many factors. Among others, these are very important: (1) the personal disposition and temperament of the exile himself; (2) the country he has chosen for his asylum; (3) its people; (4) its social, economic, and political structure; (5) his own future hopes and aspirations. In what follows I shall attempt to show how these different factors have affected my own experiences.

In 1965, when the idea of openly protesting against Emperor Haile Sellasie's long-established dictatorial rule came to my mind, there occurred the passionate battle of a house divided against itself. One side of me was enheartening myself to go ahead with the new defiant idea, that had long been building up in my mind, though I had not always been aware of what was happening to me. I had seen property confiscated without cause, and had known of persons being imprisoned without any public trial. Then one evening when I was at a friend's home a police agent entered and ordered my friend to follow him. I protested, asking that the warrant should be shown, but my

protest was ignored and my friend was removed and jailed. It became plain to me then that there was no law on which one could rely for protection, and that we must do something to defend ourselves from this kind of unjust treatment. Meanwhile the other side of me signaled the warning that I must not be misled by a vain hope of doing something. Thus for quite a long time I was torn and miserably exhausted by this confusing civil war. One of the germane questions which defied all answers, was: "Berhanou, what would you accomplish by simply voicing your protest without securing a strong organization to support you?" My temporary solution was the thought that in a country like Ethiopia, where the proscription of political organizations is automatic, no organized public action would ever come to pass unless someone were to risk his fortune by taking the initiative, and that it would be cowardly to wait for someone else to do so.

The warning signal from the hesitant side of me, consisting of fear of an unknown future in a foreign land, fear of losing my property at home, fear of separation from relatives and friends, at last lost its intensity and was replaced by what I considered a noble and worthy dedication to the good of my country. At that time, however, I still had hope that the Emperor would himself moderate his stand so that I would not have to denounce him publicly. Therefore I merely sent the letter reproduced on page 92.

This letter, however, was not acknowledged. After a month of waiting I brought myself to recognize that I must take the necessary further step. I determined to speak out.

Four weeks before I publicly made my protest, I thought of discussing the matter with Mr. Drew Pearson, a well-known Washington columnist. I had known him for quite some time and our acquaintance had developed into what I thought was actual friendship, since he often found time to attend dinners or cocktail parties given by me in my

residence. Also, following my recommendations, he and his wife had been invited to Ethiopia as special guests of the Emperor, as a result of which he had written many articles favorable to Ethiopia in his column.

When I told Mr. Pearson of my plan to protest against the absolute monarchical power of the Emperor, he would not believe it. It required a long explanation to convince him of the seriousness of my decision. At last he said: "Ambassador Dinke, I admire your courage; I will break the news whenever you want, but don't tell anyone until the story appears in my column." In other words, Mr. Pearson was anxious to have the exclusive right of breaking the news. Then he asked me if I had prepared any long-range program and had sufficient funds to carry it out. A very hard question! But the answer was "No." In fact, to prepare a program, one would have to have contact with the Ethiopian people in order to discuss ways and means of achieving representative government. But this idea, because of its inherent danger, was automatically out of the question.

Mr. Pearson appeared to be sympathetic to my situation and promised to provide me with free living quarters on his farm in Maryland, an offer which I appreciated very much at that time. His later callous behavior, however, confounded me so greatly that I had to question his concern about my safety. At the time of our first discussion, we had agreed on the date when he was to publish his article about my resignation and protest. I had told him that until that moment I would be staying in the Embassy. But three days before the appointed date, early in the morning, I had a phone call from a friend of mine, Mrs. Miller. In a gasping voice, she said: "Mr. Ambassador, I was not anticipating you would be in the Embassy at this time. I simply called to talk with anyone I could find. Yesterday evening I listened to a radio broadcast by Drew

Pearson commenting on your resignation from your post and your protest against the policy of the Emperor. We all know that we cannot believe Drew Pearson. I am glad that the news has turned out to be bogus as usual." I jumped out of my bed, asked Mrs. Miller to excuse me, hung up, and immediately placed a phone call to Mr. Pearson's home in George Town. But — no answer! I realized that it was of no use to call his office, either, since it was a holiday. The promised aid would not be forthcoming. In any case, there was no time to lose if I was to survive. So I hurriedly gathered a few of my most personal things, piled them in my car, and drove quickly away from the Embassy. The date was June 13, 1965.

On that same morning I mailed to the Emperor a long letter prepared earlier, stating in plain language my accusations, and mailed also the pamphlets of which I shall now speak.

As I indicated above, I did not have a long range program, yet I had one definite idea in mind, and that was to print political pamphlets in both Amharic and English and to distribute them throughout my country, thus helping to awaken the political consciousness of my fellow Ethiopians and stimulate them to demand their legitimate rights. At that moment I had three kinds of pamphlets ready to be sent via air mail, and I had intended that this should be done before the news of my resignation broke out. Otherwise, I thought, the censorship in the Ethiopian Post Office would make it impossible for the pamphlets to reach their destination. As it turned out, Mr. Pearson's premature broadcast did adversely affect my schedules to some extent, but I was greatly relieved when I heard later that most of my pamphlets had been received by those to whom I had addressed them.

What distressed me more than anything else, however, was the reception I had from the State Department offi-

cials. Three days after my flight from the Embassy, I entered the office of the Deputy Assistant Secretary for African Affairs to explain my action, and found the atmosphere sombre and disheartening. I tried to smile just to relieve the heaviness of my burden and make our conversation easier, but with no success. Everyone sitting with me to listen to my story was wearing a grim face which even the June sun could not brighten, let alone my counterfeited grin, with no basis but a frustrated and down-cast heart. No sympathy was offered, not a single word of consolation such as a person in my situation expects from a fellow man, even if he is a criminal. After all, what had I done to offend them? Of course I soon had to realize what was in their minds. They did not want to arouse the wrath of the Emperor by showing sympathy to my cause, although they knew perfectly well that my criticism was justified.

This aspect of the foreign policy of the United States has often puzzled the public in the developing countries. "Why does the United States," they ask, "identify itself as an ally of dictators, considering the fact that its government was originally founded on democratic principles? Why do Americans emphatically tell us that they are totally opposed to tyrannous forms of government and then act in quite the reverse fashion?" The answer to this kind of query often comes from the academic circle. They call it "national interest." As Francis Beaumont, the English poet and dramatist, put it, "Interest makes some people blind and others quick-sighted." We all agree that looking after one's interest is not a sin. But the problem is that since man's actions are always motivated by interest, what are the criteria by which we can safely distinguish the legitimate from the illegitimate interests? I do not think anyone with a rational mind would subscribe to the idea that complicity in a criminal act — profitable though

it may be in the material sense — is a morally justifiable interest which must be defended by all means.

The reader may feel that I am critical of the United States' policy, which is true to a certain extent; but I must add that although I am critical, yet I admire this country. One should not forget that I am writing this same criticism while I am living here.

The aim of this chapter, as I mentioned before, is not to discuss in detail the cause and the consequences of exile but only to throw some light on how exile differently affects different people in different circumstances. Take for example the case of Svetlana, Stalin's daughter. When she exiled herself to this country, she was enthusiastically welcomed by the American public as a heroine and was the darling of the press. The security agency of the country was alert to protect her. Money was pouring in to provide her with an easy and comfortable life. One wonders, "Why such a preference? Is it because she is Stalin's daughter? Or does she represent the cause of freedom more truly than does any other political exile in this country?" I don't think that this is the case.

Or take another example, that of the Hungarian charge d'affaires in Washington. When he made up his mind to leave his legation, he simply picked up his telephone and called the Department of State to express his intention. The rest was taken care of by the United States government. The press as usual dramatized the event, extolling his courageous determination to further his own self interest rather than to fight for a utopian cause.

I don't mean to be jealous or resentful at this special treatment given to these persons. The government of the United States has its own scale of preference and need not be told how to apply it. My purpose in making this comparison is simply to illustrate that exile does not mean

the same thing for everybody. Some types of exile are as bright as a sunny sky and others as dark as Erebus.

When I decided to exile myself in this country, I was fully aware that I would not get any official support, moral or practical. The reason is that the Emperor's policy of "status quo" — baleful though it may be for the progress of Ethiopia — was interpreted by some officials as moderation which deserved support. Because of this superficial and mistaken view, I had nothing to anticipate but that my crying out against the Emperor's government would have no effect on the American public, and that is exactly what happened. However, this should not be a cause for discouragement to me. After all, the nature of the Ethiopian government which I am campaigning to change is purely an Ethiopian problem and not that of the United States, though it indirectly affects her policy in her global commitments. Therefore, in a sense American indifference provides a very good occasion for the Ethiopian people to know that I am acting by myself, without being a stooge for anyone.

CHAPTER II

Do I Know Americans?

In 1953, during the Eisenhower administration, I was a visitor to the United States; in 1961 I was a diplomat; and now I am an alien, a name to which so many people react as having a derogatory connotation. But I don't mind by what name they call me. What I know is that what I am does not change. I am an Ethiopian.

Living as a visitor, diplomat, and alien I have tried to construct and shape an opinion about Americans, their way of life, and their virtues or vices. But to my amazement, in these three periods, the impressions I formed were not the same. I wondered why! Was it I or they or both who had changed? These questions could not be easily answered by a layman such as myself. They need the assistance of a psychoanalyst or at least a social psychologist. But before I decide to refer the matter to an expert, or draw my own conclusion based on common sense, I would like to describe my experience in each situation as accurately as I can.

In 1950 I was the manager of the city of Addis Abeba, capital of Ethiopia. Though Ethiopia is an ancient nation, its present capital, Addis Abeba, does not contain the relics which symbolize its past history. It is not even a century old. The ancient capitals, like Axum, Lalibela, and Gondar, are visited in numbers only by tourists. Sometimes they are visited by scholars and archaeologists who have an interest in learning about the antiquities of Ethiopia.

Being in her fledgling stage, Addis Abeba needed many

things in order to grow and to be able to render adequately the services a modern city is expected to provide. Most importantly, she did not have a sufficient water supply; sanitary conditions were poor; the police department was not well organized to combat the rising wave of crime; the fire department was just a token; etc. In general, no trained personnel was available to fill many responsible posts in the administration.

It was during this difficult time of my administrative career that Dr. Eduard Jandy, then director of the United States Information Center in Addis Abeba, invited me on behalf of his government to travel to the United States and acquaint myself with American city management, and I was very enthusiastic about this idea. Unfortunately, the then Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, because of a personal vendetta against me, attempted to frustrate the plan by informing the Emperor that the American offer had a political implication and that therefore he objected to my going. This caused unnecessary delay to my trip. However, after a thorough investigation of the matter, the Emperor at last approved the plan. Thus I left Addis Abeba on July 27, 1953, and arrived in New York on July 29. What a contrast! In the first place, in Addis Abeba July is the coolest month of the year, while in New York it is scalding and unbearably hot. In the second place the sight of the enormous road system, the swarming cars, the traffic jams, the skyscrapers, and the imposing buildings generally, dazed my mind, that was accustomed to tiny thatch-roofed houses and narrow pathways. In order to lessen my distraction by these massive constructions, I suggested to my sponsor that he should arrange for me first to familiarize myself with the administration of small cities and gradually proceed to big ones. Thus after five days of an orientation program in Washington, D.C., I was sent to Ithaca, N.Y.

Ithaca was at that time a small city of about 26,000



President Kennedy

inhabitants, twenty times smaller than Addis Abeba, but organized to a higher degree, equipped more fully, and administered in a more excellent way. The city itself is situated in the hilly land of the Finger Lakes, which makes it attractive as a summer resort and impressed me as most delightful. It is the seat of Cornell University, and one of the professors there undertook to show me around and introduced me to the city officials. They all were friendly and eager to help me in any way they could. Most of them invited me to their homes, either for dinner or supper.

From Ithaca I proceeded to Buffalo and then to various cities in the Middle West. In all the places I went, the reception accorded me was warm and cordial. In almost every city someone whom I met asked my sponsor if it was possible for me to stay with him in his home as long as I remained in his particular city. This would be for several days, since I always had to observe and study the functions of various divisions in the administration. These were generous invitations which he and I agreed I should accept. This gave me an excellent opportunity to observe American life by living with Americans and sharing the family hearth. I played with their children in the evening, went to picnics with them on the weekend, joined them in prayer at their churches, and attended football and baseball games with them. In general, I participated in almost all activities of the family except that they would not let me help with dishwashing. As a result of this we developed real personal friendships, so that even after I left the United States we continued to correspond for quite a long time. In addition I formed friendships with other Americans in whose homes I did not stay.

Among those friends, I would like to mention only three names, not because they are prominent persons in national politics or civic leaders, but simply in the hope that they can represent typical American citizens from three age groups (old, adult, young). They are (1) Dr. J. Alan, 63;

(2) Mr. Lawrence A. Hautz, about 40; and (3) Miss Judy Gor, 10.

Dr. Alan was a chemist working for a brewing company in Minneapolis, Minnesota. One day while I was in the public library in that city, Dr. Alan introduced himself and later we had luncheon together in the nearby cafeteria. I told him where I was living. Two days later he wrote me a letter saying that Mrs. Alan and he would like to have me as their guest in their home. I happily accepted their invitation and stayed with them for three days. The Alans had a very beautiful house with a large garden, well kept. Their three children (two sons and one daughter), all grown up, did not live with them. During my stay with them, Mrs. Alan drove me back and forth wherever I had programs to attend. After my return to Ethiopia I received two letters from Dr. Alan. The third was from Mrs. Alan. It was a grieving letter telling me that Dr. Alan had passed away of a heart attack.

Mrs. Alan was a kindhearted lady. One day while I was in Minneapolis, she was driving me to the city hall and a dog who attempted to cross the street was run over by her car, and instantly killed. She immediately stopped, got out from her car, and tried to help the poor dog. Finding that it was too late, she started to weep. This was the first time I had seen a human being shedding tears over a dead dog. I was nonplussed; I tried to convince her that the dog was to blame and not she. My entreaties were without any effect. She continued sobbing. At last she called the police and reported the incident. Later she told me how sorry she had felt, not because she had violated any traffic regulation but at the pitiable fate of the dog. When I received her letter, considering the delicacy of her feeling, I could well imagine how much she had suffered at the death of her beloved husband.

Mr. Hautz was a successful business man in Milwaukee,

Wisconsin. He owned a beautiful villa near Lake Michigan, where I enjoyed his hospitality for about ten days. He is a man who deeply believes in the brotherhood of man regardless of race, color, and religious creed. While I was living with him, one day I went to a barbershop for a haircut. No other customer was there at that moment. The barber, just to kill time, was browsing in a big magazine full of pictures. I entered the shop and sat in the chair; but he feigned not seeing me. So I called: "Mister! Mister!" Raising his head, he thundered: "What do you want?" I jumped at his roaring voice and rose from the chair wondering why he was so angry. After mustering my mettle, I said in a low voice, "I have come for a haircut." "You are in the wrong place," was the retort of the irate barber. Now I understood the message. The fraternal pampering I had been enjoying had misled me into forgetting where I was. Now I realized I was in America, where the color problem filled all minds.

I felt that I should not embarrass the United States government, which in a sense was my host, by causing an incident which might attract public notice, but at the same time my pride was insisting that I should not bow to that snarling barber and ignominiously leave his shop. "But what can I do?" I asked myself. The answer was that at least I should tell him he was terribly wrong. "But what if he is unreasonable and resorts to violence? How could I avoid the publicity of which I hate to be the object?" I could not answer all these questions logically, since my emotion was aroused. Thus I decided to engage in an argument. I pretended that I did not understand what he had said.

"This is a barbershop, isn't it?" Why did you tell me I am in the wrong place? I am exactly in the right place. I have come for a haircut," I opened my debate.

"You are in the wrong place," he insisted.



President Eisenhower

"Why? Why?" I pressed for an explanation.

"This place is for whites and not for colored people."

"What do you mean by 'colored people'? You are colored (you are white). I am colored (I am black). We all are colored. Thank God, there is no one here on earth without color."

"Mister, you seem to be a stranger in this country. You don't even understand the language. I am sorry I can't help you." Here he pulled out from his wallet a dollar bill and offered it to me for taxi fare, with a slip of paper on which he jotted down the address of a Negro barbershop where I could get service.

It seemed that the barber did not want to antagonize me any further, since he knew by the shibboleth of my broken English that I was a foreigner. (As I have presented my speech here, I have somewhat improved it.) But this attitude toward me did not mitigate his insulting behavior toward the people whom he called colored. Therefore, resentfully I threw the bill in his face and told him that I was not a beggar. Then I asked him, "Do you really think you are superior to black people just because you happened to be born with a white skin? Imagine how many black doctors, lawyers, and engineers there are in this city. But you are still a barber and yet you think you are superior to them. I have seen many black people more handsome than you are. Yet you naively believe that whiteness is beautiful. Isn't it senseless?" With this remark I left the barbershop with a sense of frustration and mortification. I took a taxi which drove me back to Mr. Hautz's house. Mrs. Hautz, with her feminine intuition, detected that there was something wrong with me. "Don't you feel well, Mr. Dink?" she asked. I tried to hide my frustration and confusion. "I am all right, Mrs. Hautz," was my quick answer. Then rather than expose myself to a further analysis by this keen and sensitive woman, I left the draw-

ing room under a pretext that I had to write a report about the activity of that morning before I forgot it. However, I could not eat my lunch. I had lost my appetite. It was my first encounter with the race problem in the United States, about which I had heard so much but which I had never expected to experience in my own person.

Despite my attempt not to divulge the incident, even to the Hautzes, I could not banish the black mood that had come over me. I thought that because I had not told them the reason of my being in such a state, they must be feeling that I was angry against them. So I decided to relate to them what had happened. This, of course, not only helped to prevent misunderstanding, but curiously enough, served as an effective antidote to my depression. My good humor came back instantly. As I was telling them the story I laughed and laughed heartily. But Mr. Hautz was grave and serious. When I finished:

"Do you know the name of the barber?" he asked.

"No, I did not ask him."

"Do you remember the name of the street and the number of the shop? I would like to know it."

"Yes, but why?"

"In the city hall we have a commission for human rights; I am one of the members. I have a duty to report the matter so that the commission may act to correct this inhuman behavior of our citizens."

"I am sorry, Mr. Hautz; had I known this responsibility you have assumed in the area of human rights I wouldn't even have told you the story in the first place. I am not here to find fault with people and accuse them. I don't mean that I approve this man's behavior, but I don't want him to be harrassed on my account."

Mr. Hautz is not only a religious man but also a man of common sense. He immediately grasped my point and said: "Mr. Dinke, I think highly of your forgiving and tolerant character. I will not press the issue." The next morning he drove me to a barbershop where I had my hair cut without the slightest trouble. In the evening he took me to a colorful and luxurious club of which all the members were whites and where he was a member, and entertained me there with other guests who had been invited especially to meet me.

I do not see any covert self-interested motive behind Mr. Hautz's hospitality, but only his high aspiration to be of service to his fellowman. He was not working for any government agency to win and influence friends for the United States. He was not trying to "sell" anything but unadulterated love which springs from the human heart.

The letters which he wrote me subsequently were very inspiring. I would like to share with the reader one of them:

P.O. Box 2919
Salisbury, Rhodesia
Africa
11th June, 1967

Mr. B. Dinke
P. O. Box 151
Boxford, Massachusetts 01921
United States of America

Dear Mr. Dinke:

What a surprise to get your letter of May 17th and Chapter II of Hope and Faith. Please send me Chapter I and everything else you publish, for you are making history.

What a courageous move you have made. I can only congratulate you from the very bottom of my heart.

I am proud to have known you and to have contributed in a small way to your first tour of the United States. What was it? September 1953, 14 years ago? Yet it seems as though it was yesterday and your picture on the cover of Chapter II certainly belies the fact that you are that much older. Who was the Persian gentleman to whom you spoke and who gave you my address?

On November 26, 1965, I wrote to you c/o the Ethiopian Embassy, Washington, D. C., and on the envelope I wrote "if not there please forward". This letter was returned to me marked "return to sender, addressee unknown". Imagine my surprise when I found that the Ethiopian Embassy did not know you or where you were. Now, of course, I can understand. What surprises me is that I apparently got the urge to write you just about the time things were about to happen.

I well remember the long discussions we had about your country, especially the events before and after the Italian invasion. I hope you can remain in the United States for I feel that in America you can find many people who will agree with you and assist you in publishing your book. All Africa is seething with forces pulling to the right and to the left. The most dangerous zone of activity is in the political sphere where force is so frequently resorted to. Surely you have made a wise move to resign from politics and join the human race. History will remember you as one who had the courage to face facts even though you could have had a much easier life by playing the part of a hypocrite.

We have been in Africa for about 14 years. We bought 100 acres of undeveloped land and built the first motel of 28 rooms; then a Snake Park; then a Service Station; then



President Johnson

a vegetable sand and tea garden; then an African store; and an African township for our employees. Pictures are enclosed.

One of the first things we did was to start a school; there was none in the area. Now we have 3 teachers and 270 kids. It's free and they learn to read and write in Shona (the local language) and then in English (the universal auxiliary). They learn pounds, shillings and pence and how to count. They have their own a capella choir and they write the words and music to their own songs. They strip the fibres from the sisal and weave baskets and mats. They have a sewing machine and learn to sew. They have a small garden and learn how to grow to eat. They model animals from clay. They have a football field and learn sportsmanship. They get a noonday drink which is high in protein and helps keep them fit. They catch fish from a little lake which we created by damming a malarial swamp and impounding about 4 million gallons of water into which we put Bream. The bream eat the mosquito larva and so there are no mosquitoes and we do not have any malaria. The annual catch of fish is about two tons a year and serves as a valuable addition to an otherwise protein deficient diet. The school fee is one shilling a month for each pupil and this goes toward the cost of the noonday drink, otherwise there is no charge. The school is rated as an unassisted farm school and that is literally correct! If 270 kids get a basic education and moral indoctrination (the 10 Commandments, the Golden Rule, admonition to "honour thy father and thy mother", an introduction to civic pride and responsibility, those who are dirty get a bath, those who are sick a trip to the doctor or hospital, those who are backward, special encouragement, all learn that cleanliness is next to Godliness), then 270 kids are able better to understand the world they were born into and are able to express in a measure the latent talent they each possess. They are so eager to learn, some walk as

much as 10 miles to come. When paper and pencils were not available we carried on by writing with our fingers in the sand. So 270 kids are better kids. The environment in which they learn where drinking, gambling or smoking are not permitted gives them a chance to learn of better and more beneficial ways to spend their time, money or lives. So the world is just that much better off than it was before this effort was made. Last year we planted 50 banana trees and 200 mango trees. These will be enough for all in a few years. These kids will be better citizens than their illiterate forefathers and with an education one can appeal to their reason whereas uneducated people are left entirely to their emotions. The political mess in most of Africa, I feel, is the result of the lack of proper educational facilities.

Some day it will be possible for everyone to travel the world as a world citizen and then the effort made now will pay its highest dividends.

Some day they will welcome you back in Ethiopia as one of the few who dared to speak the truth, and some day you will visit us here.

Until then, let's keep in touch. We shall be together in spirit until then.

Sincerely,

Lawrence A. Hautz

The friendship, sympathy, and encouragement expressed by Mr. Hautz and people like him mean a great deal to me, especially at this time. There is an Italian proverb which says: "Al bisogno si conoscono gli amici." It means, "When in need you know your friends." Since I am going to classify three kinds of American friendship (those I made during my visit, my diplomatic service, and my

exile), it is useful to keep in mind the "materia ex qua," in the case of Mr. Hautz, pure human affection, in order to understand why some friendships are temporary and shallow, and others are deep and lifelong.

Judy Gor was a little American girl. I met her in Ithaca during my tour in 1953 when she was ten years old. She was there with her mother, an English teacher, to spend her summer vacation. She used to play in the small park near the University of Cornell where I usually relaxed in the evening after winding up my program of the day. Judy liked to spend most of her time with me, asking me questions about Ethiopia. While I talked she corrected my English, and at the same time encouraged me to speak. "This is how you can learn English," she said. One day, she asked her mother to take a picture of her with me and promised to send me a copy of it as soon as it was ready. So I gave her my address in Addis Abeba. After I left for Ethiopia she wrote me many letters wishing me well and expressing the hope of seeing me again.

In fact, she eventually did so. When I came back to the United States as Ethiopian Ambassador, at first I could not locate her. One day, however, she happened to see me on TV and immediately wrote an excited letter telling me how happy she was to see her wish come true. She was then about 22 years old. She had undergone a complete transformation from a skinny little girl to a tall and fully grown lovely damsel, so that I could not recognize her when we met. Thus we resumed our contact until the time I quit the Embassy. When she heard of my resignation and protest against the dictatorial rule of Haile Sellasie, she tried to get in touch with me, to find out whether she could give any assistance to my cause. To this end she mistakenly called the Ethiopian Embassy in Washington, D.C., and went to many places where she could meet Ethiopians, in the hope of finding my address. For



four years she did everything she could, but without success. When at last I learned of her concern through a friend, I wrote her a letter assuring her that I was in good health and that she should not worry about me.

These are the kinds of people I met when I visited the United States in 1953. Almost all were frank, faithful, and compassionate friends. Even the racist barber who had denied me his services had nevertheless impressed me by his conciliatory offer to pay my taxi fare out of his meager income.

Now I am going to discuss the friendships I made later on, when I was Ambassador.

There is a Latin saying: "Frontis nulla fides," which in effect means you should not trust appearances. Unfortunately most of the time the art of diplomacy is used by the people in that profession to make appearance seem to be reality. The Byzantine court has often been blamed for introducing such an artificial practice into international relations, replacing the Roman pattern of exalted and dignified diplomacy which was made possible by the Pax Romana. Thereafter the treatises which Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus (905-959) wrote, under the titles *De Administrando Imperio* and *De Cerimoniis Aulae Byzantinae*, served as handbooks for diplomats. Except for some details, the basically insincere form of Oriental diplomatic ritual of the Byzantine court persists even in this so-called atomic age. A diplomat is the best dressed man; he has manners; he is fluent in his conversation; he has the ability to use florid and flattering words; he possesses a pleasing personality; he is a connoisseur of delicacy; etc. What is all this for? It is just to make it appear that he is sincere, sociable, discriminating, and friendly, and that his performance reflects a veritable image of the country he represents.

This was the kind of environmental atmosphere I fre-



quented for almost five years during my Ambassadorship in Washington. On many occasions I had the duty of meeting various heads of state and members of the foreign offices of their respective countries. I entertained important personalities in my house. As President Kennedy predicted I would do in his remarks of May 23, 1961, when I presented my credentials to him, I also expanded the circle of my acquaintances and friends among Americans, sometimes on my own deliberate initiative and at other times *a l'improviste*.

It was surprising to observe how some Americans were curious and informal to the extent that quite often they came to the diplomatic parties uninvited.

Of course I do not regard such behavior as wholly admirable. According to the Ethiopian custom, if a person goes to a party without being invited, he will be given the epithet of "kalawach," which means "swallower of the cup." Whether they were kalawach or dignified guests, I thought I was making friends by welcoming and entertaining everybody, until the Italian proverb which I quoted above proved that I was wrong. From all those who drank the finest assortments of liquor and ate expensive foods, imported with diplomatic exemption, in my residence, none could equal Mr. Hautz or Judy in expressing their sympathy in my darkest hours.

In those early days following my resignation, I was expecting that the Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, and Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, William Mennen, both of whom had been honored guests in my residence, would make me feel at ease, if not officially, at least privately; if not as a former colleague, at least as a helpless human being without a country; if not personally, at least through a third person. But to my surprise, not a single word did I hear from them, then or ever. It is hard to believe that men who are brought up in a Christian civiliza-



tion, conscious of the Master's words, "I was a stranger and you did not welcome me," should completely shut their eyes to a painful situation into which their fellow man and former colleague has fallen. It is also a puzzling question why, in a leading democratic country whose nationhood was originally created by exiles who, because of political or religious persecution, had fled their mother countries, a man who stands for the ideals of freedom and democratic principles should find no moral support.

Of course I realize the official position of the government. Whether one approves it or not, it is no mistake to say that this is an affair of international politics, with which the government must deal cautiously. But I am speaking here of individuals; and this also is not with a sense of animadversion or condemnation. It is rather with a genuine spirit of self-examination and an honest desire to understand what is wrong with each of us as individuals. Why is there this lack of fellow-feeling? Why do people show us generosity when we are self-sufficient and neglect us when we are badly in need? Isn't this pure hypocrisy? Who is going to trust us when we speak of human rights, freedom, and democracy, if our actions run counter to what we profess to be? Why do we not show real love if we really love people?

There is a story of a woman who told her husband that she had read and reread a book entitled, "The Art of Love," with the purpose of being agreeable to him. "Honey," he said, "I would rather have love without art."

In another chapter, I will tell of my resentment of the artificiality of the social circle in Washington and my complete withdrawal from it to live incognito with people who knew nothing about my background. In so doing I will fulfill my promise to describe the three situations in which I came to know Americans and the three kinds of friendships that resulted.

CHAPTER III

Emperor Haile Sellasie

I briefly mentioned the oppressiveness of Haile Sellasie's rule as the principal cause of my exile. Thanks to Mussolini, the world knows who Haile Sellasie is, but very little about his background. Traditionally a king or prince becomes famous when he defeats his enemies, conquers foreign territories, or achieves other extraordinary feats. Curiously enough, with Haile Sellasie it is quite the reverse. He became a hero in spite of having run away from the invaders of his country. This of course is quite incompatible with the Ethiopian tradition as it is expressed in many Ethiopian epics. The Ethiopian heroic motto is, "Win or die." That was why Emperor Theodor, despite his dearth of royal blood, became the most popular and honored monarch of our country. He was unmistakably aware of the superiority of the British army confronting him during the battle of Magdala in 1866. He fought bravely; he did not retreat; he refused to surrender; and at last he shot himself to prevent the enemy from taking him prisoner. He became the principal character in the works of many writers, both in Ethiopia and in Europe.

We do not find such heroic quality in Emperor Haile Sellasie. One wonders, then, why there has been such a fanfare by the foreign press, which has exerted itself to build up his prestige. It seems obvious that there is self-interest involved. For example, when Mussolini invaded Ethiopia, some European powers were concerned to preserve the existing balance of power rather than the independence of that unfortunate country. They merely had to pretend that they were on the side of the victim and

use this pretext to annoy Mussolini, in the hope of reaching some kind of compromise. In order to make their propaganda more effective, they extolled Emperor Haile Sellasie as a hero; they quoted a speech he made as a prophecy of future war; out of his utterances they carved axioms such as, "God and history will judge your decision." But they never thought of giving real assistance to the Ethiopian people, who, in the absence of Haile Selassie, had anointed another Emperor by the name of Melake Tsehai, son of Lij Yasou, and were continuing the struggle with Fascism for the whole five years. If I mentioned the name of Ras Abebe Aregay, one of the heroes of that period, no foreign reader would understand me. For such a reader, because of the policy of the foreign press, Abebe Aregay did not exist.

There are other reasons why the Emperor became popular in the Western world. One of them was his positive involvement in helping to finalize the draft of the charter for the Organization of African Unity, which was signed in Addis Abeba in May, 1963. Among the post-independence African leaders there were some who advocated creating a United States of Africa. Their spokesman was the former president of Ghana, Kwame Nkrumah, whose political philosophy is well known to be socialism of a special African type. His passionate commitment to African political federation not only alarmed the so-called moderate or conservative elements in Africa but also aroused some concern among Western nations that this idea might lead to the creation of another world power which probably would be hostile to them.

In the Accra conference of 1958, Nkrumah's proposal on Pan-Africanism seemed to have considerable weight. But later on there were other meetings in which several heads of African states evaded the question of political unity and instead stressed economic cooperation, respect for sovereignty, and non-interference in the internal af-



fairs of another state. Among those leaders who emphasized the importance of sovereignty was Emperor Haile Sellasie. When the charter was signed in its present attenuated form, and luckily in Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia, the Emperor was hailed as the creator and founder of the Organization of African Unity. In fact the Emperor has always been determined to maintain his own autocratic power, and therefore had no alternative but to support a loose form of unity and mere cooperation among African states, instead of political federation. But to call him the founder of the organization on this ground is to distort the history of Pan-Africanism.

It is not my intention to discuss in this chapter Haile Sellasie's political career except that I should like to give a short account of how he happened to be Emperor of Ethiopia and a description of his oppressive rule over 22 million people.

In the first place Haile Sellasie was not the rightful heir to the throne in the strictly traditional sense, nor according to the law of that period in which he assumed the power. The legitimate Emperor was Lij Yasou, grandson of Emperor Menelek. Because of this man's tendency toward Islam, however, the Ethiopian church, under the leadership of Abuna Mathewos, not only consented that the Ethiopian people should rise against him but actually encouraged it. As a result of this mounting pressure, complicated by international politics, after the brief battle of Sagale, Lij Yasou was forced to relinquish his power and later was imprisoned.

The Grand Council of the Ethiopian court then called upon Zewditou, daughter of Emperor Menelek, to be Empress of Ethiopia. Since she was not allowed to remarry (she was divorced), and did not have children from her previous marriage, the same Council, with a view to avoiding a future crisis about the royal succession, decided to

appoint Ras Teferi (later Haile Sellasie) as the crown prince or heir apparent to the throne. This appointment was without particular justification as far as royal blood was concerned, since there were many relatives of the queen just as close as Haile Sellasie. Because of the divergence of views in the country, Haile Sellasie had his supporters as well as his opponents, who were led by the powerful Fitawrari Haptegiorgis, of the Galla tribe, then Minister of War. It was a very critical time for Haile Sellasie. But he soon learned the art of duplicity, his various devices ranging from the mild trick of growing a big beard in order to compensate for his Lilliputian body, to the unprincipled policy of playing off one person against another, thus eliminating his opponents one by one, as will be explained later.

After Empress Zewditou's death, therefore, Ras Teferi became Emperor of Ethiopia with a new name, Haile Sellasie, meaning "the power of the Trinity." Since then he has endeavored to convince both the Ethiopian public and the outside world that he is the most exceptionally qualified monarch in Ethiopian history. With this in mind, he promulgated the first constitution; but it was only a constitution on paper, with no reality in its application. He introduced the public press; but again it is only an empty show, serving to glorify his name and show his picture, which he arranges to have taken, now with farmers, encouraging agriculture, and then with the poor, distributing alms; one time with the army, in a marshal's uniform, and another time in his office, in civilian dress, busy with the administration of the Empire.

In his vanity he is no less than Mussolini and in his extravagance no less than Ibn Saud, the former ruler of Saudi Arabia. I take it for granted that Mussolini's intolerable vanity is widely known, so that I don't need further elaboration here. But since I have mentioned the extravagance of King Saud, who certainly is less well-known than

Mussolini, I ask my reader to bear with me while I make a digression to recount a story about this fabulous man, in order to draw a comparison between these two monarchs, Haile Sellasie and Ibn Saud, who have much in common though differences abound.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

I was once admitted briefly to Saud's Garden of Delight in his palace in the city of Riyadh. This was when I was the Ambassador of Haile Sellasie to the court of King Saud. Perhaps the reader will be willing to share with me that experience.

For many years I knew Haile Sellasie well, not only as an Ethiopian citizen but as an official member of his government, serving in many capacities. In the 1950's I was for three years Vice Mayor of Addis Abeba, his capital city, and for two years a member of his cabinet, which is comparable to the President's cabinet here. From 1961 to 1965 I was his Ambassador to the White House in Washington. I cannot lay claim to equal knowledge of King Saud, but some lively memories of my stay in his country remain.

My first sight of Saud occurred in 1956, when I was formally presented in the great hall of his palace, under the arched ceiling covered with traceries and centered with a huge crystal chandelier. Saud was seated on a dais in his imposing royal chair, with his prime minister, who was his brother, Prince Faisal, and a few other princes, seated fairly near him in smaller chairs; perhaps a hundred other nobles sat on the immense Persian carpet on the floor, on either side of the monarch. All wore black robes with flowing white headdresses and all except Saud and Faisal wore black bands about their heads; Saud's and Faisal's headdresses were especially made out of gold.

I was led forward, had my hand graciously shaken, and was seated close to the king. He was tall, quite swarthy, with a black beard, and his face was frank and open. After the formal presentation of my credentials and my giving him the personal greetings of my Emperor, Saud asked about "his brother," as he called Haile Sellasie, and reminisced about his own visit to Ethiopia. I then withdrew and was permitted to turn my back on Saud and walk normally out of the chamber. (At the Ethiopian court, an Ambassador from another country would have had to bow low and then to back out, the full length of the room.)

My life in Saudi Arabia thereafter, for the seven months of my stay, was spent chiefly in Jedda, the seaport on the Red Sea, about 300 miles from Riyadh. Jedda is where the whole diplomatic corps had to live at that time. Since during my entire stay I made only about three trips to Riyadh (I shall tell about one of these below), I had ample opportunity to observe life in Jedda. It was unbearably hot and humid and especially so for an Ethiopian, like me, who was used to the bland and mild climate of a high plateau. There seemed to be no possible recreation available. No theaters or movies existed, since they were regarded as obscene and immoral and were prohibited by law. Alcoholic beverages, of course, were legally forbidden, even to the diplomatic corps, since Saudi Arabia, as the country where Mohammed himself was born, adheres with special strictness to Moslem law. (It was noted, however, that many Jeddans drank toilet water for the alcoholic content.) These restrictions could be evaded to some extent in private by the diplomats, and of course could be evaded by members of the royal family; even theater performances and movies could be enjoyed by chartering a private plane to Cairo or to Beirut, and these as well as other pleasures could be had by spending long vacations in Europe. It was the common people who were most de-

prived by these restrictions, and the diplomatic corps had to endure a good many. Most of the Ambassadors there, however, were accredited from such countries as Afghanistan, China, India, Indonesia, and Pakistan, and from the Middle East itself, and were Mohammedans in religion and of rather advanced age. They sincerely felt that to live near the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina (Jedda is their seaport) was a privilege, and the restrictions were in accord with their own consciences.

The people of Jedda did not seem wholly destitute to my observation. They appeared to have work. It was evident, however, that wages were very low. Many of them seemed to have no houses, no homes; in the early morning they could be seen from the Embassy window sleeping on the bare ground of vacant lots between houses. The people on the streets in general had poor and dirty clothing and seemed listless. They dragged their feet and showed no energy or enthusiasm. The merchants, however, were energetic and active and lived very comfortably.

The main source of my discomfort was my own function as Ambassador. Ethiopia is sometimes called the "bread basket of the Middle East," and rightly so. Its agricultural land has immense potential, ample for satisfying all food needs in that part of the world, and Saudi Arabia, rich with its oil royalties, was currently importing wheat and dairy products; the wheat came from Canada, the dairy products from Switzerland. These countries had made these arrangements to their own profit. Yet here there was no urgency on the part of either Haile Sellasie or Saud to promote such a mutually profitable relationship, that could have been vital to the economy of both countries, especially of my own. The purpose for which the high-level diplomatic relationship had been established and for which I was welcomed was very limited. It was the formation of an alliance between two absolute monarchs, intended to fortify

their own positions as such, and to counter the growing influence of that all-too-popular opponent of monarchy, Abdul Nasser. Here is a vital similarity between the two men: the common determination to remain absolute, and in consequence, a common fear of Nasser. No other domestic or international problem could have brought together even for limited purposes two rulers separated by such passionate conflicts of interest and of religious loyalties.

A prime quality of Saud, often charged against him, was his legendary extravagance, considered especially blameworthy in view of the lamentable condition of the mass of his people. Among his lavish customs were frequent trips abroad accompanied by large retinues, and the giving of expensive gifts. But the chief purpose to which his immense income from oil royalties was devoted was his harem, of which I was one day to see at least a part.

On the occasion in question I had been commanded by Emperor Haile Selassie to deliver to King Saud a personal message on a matter which was then highly confidential. It had been rumored that Saud was in serious conflict with his brother, Prince Faisal, who was thought to be a friend of Nasser. My message was related to this supposed conflict. (The conflict at least was real, as shown by the later break between the two men and by Faisal's seizure of the throne in 1967.) Previously I had been told by Saud that whenever there was a personal message from the Emperor to be delivered, I should call on his chamberlain to arrange an audience, without wasting time in following the formal procedure. This chamberlain, a personal retainer who apparently was fully in King Saud's confidence, at once made the arrangement and at the appointed time came for me in his private car and drove me to the palace grounds, where we were admitted through a back gate.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon as we entered. Here I saw a new revelation, a sight of beauty and wonder. In that desert land, barren, swept by hot winds, inhospitable, one would hardly have expected to find such a garden. Shrubberies, trees, grass, and flowers in profusion, with their many colors and fragrances, were all about us. This garden, needless to say, did not exist by nature. Saud with his oil royalties had been able to do on a small scale what had been done by the ancient builder of the hanging gardens of Babylon. He had commanded the soil itself to be brought, the great palace well to be dug and the trees and all the greenery to be planted and constantly watered.

At a little distance before us in the center of the garden was the small garden shelter or summer house where King Saud was awaiting us. As we walked toward the shelter, we heard voices among the shrubberies, and came upon a little group of beautiful young women, sitting together on the grass, chatting and showing each other their jewels. Their faces were bare and they were quite startled at our approach, drawing back and hastily veiling themselves. But I had already seen their delicate beauty. A little further off we came on another such group, and then another; we must have seen forty young women in all. They were of many races, white Caucasian, dark Ethiopian, yellow Mongolian, and were richly decked out in earrings, bracelets, rings, and necklaces, studded with various stones which glittered in the sunlight. Their flowing garments were of filmy materials of all colors, many with overall designs of leaves and flowers. As the chamberlain explained to me, they were waiting to greet His Majesty one by one in his garden house. I saw them with amazement that I should have been allowed thus to witness the King's seraglio and with some embarrassment at having disturbed them.

Without delay I entered the small building, open to

the breezes and luxuriously fitted with chairs and couches. After the heat even of the garden, it was delightfully cool. Saud was wearing a white robe and trousers and his usual headdress. He received me graciously and without formality, and ordered some non-alcoholic drink to be brought for both of us by a waiter who wore white European clothes and white gloves. I delivered my message and promptly left. None of the houris, as I may call them, were visible during my trip back to the gate; now forewarned, they had retired.

It seemed surprising to me that, knowing me to be a Christian, and moreover a nearly complete stranger, Saud was so willing to expose to me his private pleasures. But it was only an extreme instance of an openness of character often noted in Saud. I have heard many persons express sympathy if not admiration for Saud's open conduct. "At least," they said, "he is artless and frank in satisfying his passions." It is my belief also that in speaking of Emperor Haile Selassie as "my brother," he expressed a genuine feeling. In other words, he was naive, almost the natural man, unspoiled and undisciplined by civilization. He had not trained himself even to control his quick temper. It was this lack of policy and prudence in handling the affairs of the kingdom which opened the way for his brother Faisal, a man of great intelligence and self-control, to dethrone him in a bloodless coup.

The mere practice of maintaining such a harem as I had seen is an instance of openness and also of some indifference to world public opinion. These young women must be recruited. We learn in Marco Polo's account of Kublai Khan's harem that it was known throughout his domain that the opportunity existed of becoming a member of this constantly shifting group, and beautiful young women were regularly presented to the Khan's officers for consideration. Also, after having been the Khan's concubines

these women were transferred to other princes, and new ones were recruited. Similarly in Saudi Arabia and nearby countries the existence of Saud's harem necessarily was well known. I have myself known of a woman who had been a member of Saud's harem and who had later been transferred to other princes of that country, even in this day and age. The open existence of such persons is another way in which the harem becomes public knowledge.

Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, is in many ways a person of a very different sort, as we shall see, but also in many ways very like Ibn Saud. He does have the enormous similarity already described: he is an absolute ruler, determined to remain such, almost by any means. Another similarity is personal extravagance in the face of the extreme poverty of the mass of his people. This, to be sure does not equal Saud's, since Ethiopia has not yet found its oil, but it is great in comparison with his country's resources. To depict the Emperor realistically is to invite the disbelief of most observers of world affairs. To them he has been presented as a figure of almost ascetic character and liberal enlightenment, a Christian monarch practicing piety and championing justice.

As a Christian, Haile Selassie does not keep a seraglio, like Saud. But this is no remedy for his extravagance. In public, he practices economy for effect. An instance of such pettiness occurred during my Ambassadorship to the United States. I was about to return from Ethiopia to my post in Washington when I received orders to escort the Emperor's grandsons to Canada, where they were to enter a special private school. One of them, Michael Mekonnen, aged about 16, had already been given the title of Prince, so that he was entitled to be addressed as "Your Highness." As Ambassador, I represented the Emperor abroad, and therefore was obliged in general to act as became my, or rather his, dignity. This had meant, in the present instance, that I had taken a first class ticket on the

plane. The boys, however, had been provided by the palace administration (of course at the Emperor's bidding) with tourist-class tickets. This required me to change mine to tourist class, since it would have been improper for me to have greater privileges than the Prince. During the trip the plane stopped in Cairo, Athens, and Frankfurt, and in each place many officials from Ethiopian Embassies and the local governments came to greet His Highness. They were perplexed to find him in the tourist class waiting-room and both he and I were greatly embarrassed. Later, however, when I reported this to the Emperor, he told me angrily that by my attitude I had been encouraging his grandsons to be extravagant and irresponsible.

Yet this was a mere pretense. Haile Selassie without hesitation permits himself to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for frivolities. I am not speaking here of the enormous amounts which are spent on pomp and circumstance or simply given away as largesse. This is done according to policy, that is, because the Emperor believes his power as monarch depends on exciting awe and amazement in the breasts of his subjects and on appearing to them as bounteous. It is disproportionate and harmful, since in effect it replaces expenditures for clinics, schools, and roads. But no such reason can justify his long-standing custom of ordering the construction from public funds, whenever it suits his fancy, of luxuriously-appointed palaces in many, many villages — Debrezeit, Nazaret, Hagerehiwet — places which are simply weekend retreats, many of them not used even once a year, yet kept constantly staffed and in readiness, at enormous cost. There are also many other excesses, such as his frequent travels abroad. In the face of all this, his saving of fifty dollars on his grandsons' air tickets is merely to "strain at a gnat."

In contrast to Saud's luxury, I observed extreme poverty among Saud's people, but beyond this I know little. About Ethiopia I know more. Nearly half of the population have

but one meal a day, living almost entirely on dried beans, roasted or boiled. They sleep on a dirt floor, well accustomed to fleas and lice. Many do not have any clothes, but may put a piece of animal skin about their loins for decency. The observer is astounded at their passive submission to such conditions. Religious belief, with its accompanying fatalistic outlook, is largely responsible; in effect, they feel, "God has ordered our life and has appointed the King. We must accept what befalls us and obey without question." It is this attitude which Haile Selassie exploits and which by his policies he confirms and strengthens.

Saud, as I have said, was open, and he fell. Here Haile Salassic is at the opposite pole. He is a man after Machiavelli's own heart, the true "Prince" of the astute Florentine diplomat. He is intelligent, eager to learn and understand events; skilled in deception and concealment; merciless in devious ways to his opponents; inclined always to suspect his friends, even his own children; a consummate actor, able to assume a priestly mien and to play the part almost of a saint, yet having a finger in every affair, condemning whom he pleases to psychological torture or shameful death, while arranging to have it appear that law rules and that wholly independent courts of justice alone decide every case.

Ibn Saud and Haile Selassie — both absolute monarchs, both determined to remain so; both extravagant while their people suffer; but one open and negligent of appearances; one secretive, devious, skilled in seeming sainthood. Saud lost his power, was exiled, and then died; Haile Selassie retains his power and is still alive. He is 77.

CHAPTER IV

My Encounter with the Press

In democratic countries the press is often called "the fourth estate." It is a very powerful institution, more powerful in a sense than the head of the state or members of the legislature. It was Wendell Phillips, the famous American orator and one of the leaders of the anti-slavery movement, who said: "The penny-papers of New York do more to govern this country than the White House in Washington." As a matter of fact the president and members of the congress are subject to a contest for election. They are either elevated to the high office or denied it, according to the wishes of the people. But this is not the case with the press. No one is asked to vote for or against members of the press. It is purely a business institution in which an individual person is free to choose his career. The press is run like any other business. A project is prepared; policy is set up; interest is counted upon; clients are favored; non-supporters are treated with indifference; antagonists are dealt with harshly. In general, it must be a profitable venture.

Of course the products which the press representatives engage to sell or provide for the public, are not materials which meet primary human needs like food and clothing. But these representatives know that man cannot live by bread alone. Among other things, he needs information, entertainment, and attention. It is also true that anyone who seeks public attention must necessarily secure the backing of the press. Otherwise he will get nowhere. The press is a very important instrument for the winning or losing of elections. The slanting of the news, the biased

reporting, the judgments expressed by the press, deeply affect the public or private life of any person in the public eye and can make or mar his career.

The press freely criticizes anyone for anything, but its own members seem to be immune from criticism, not because they are always right, but because the person who wishes to complain does not possess the same weapon with which to attack them. In other words, the question is not who is right or who is wrong, but who is strong or who has the best means to fight with. We talk of corrupted politicians or prejudiced jurymen. What about corrupted and prejudiced pressmen? No one would dare to expose their hypocrisy, since everyone is afraid of their poisonous sting. Even Napoleon is reported to have said: "Three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets." If Napoleon with all his prestige and glory showed such apprehension, who then would be blamed today for bowing to the mighty power of the press?

Before I had direct personal involvement, I firmly believed that the press was dedicated to fight social injustice wherever it is found. But later events proved that most of the time this was merely a show.

A few days after making the broadcast that sent me running from the Embassy, Drew Pearson published his syndicated article on my resignation and *The Washington Post* in an editorial hailed my action and warned the Emperor not to underestimate the current popular demand for change in Ethiopia. (See page 93). A reporter from *News Week* magazine interviewed me for two days and told me that his article would be published soon. A reporter for the National Broadcasting Corporation invited me to appear on the "Today" program, and I trustingly accepted.

In the meantime, without my knowledge, a quiet warning word (as someone described it to me) had been passed out to the representatives of the press not to antagonize

Emperor Haile Sellasie, a friend of America. One day before the date of my scheduled TV appearance, someone called from NBC and told me that the program was cancelled. No explanation was given. Almost the same thing happened with *News Week*. Though no one from this magazine called to tell me that the article was not going to be published, I learned through a friend that this was the intention.

Nor were NBC and *News Week* acting without cause. In 1960, following the palace revolution in Ethiopia, *News Week* and *Time* magazines were barred from entering Ethiopia because of the unfavorable reports they published about the manner in which the Emperor was governing that country. However, a reconciliation was made later when the Emperor visited the United States in 1963. At that time these two influential magazines carried articles to the liking of the Emperor, so that he immediately ordered the lifting of the embargo. Since then it has been clear that the attitude of the American press toward the Emperor has radically changed, though his rule has been and is still the same.

As I pointed out above, the erroneous view that I was holding about the press as a champion against social injustice suffered a severe defeat, and rightly or wrongly, I developed a negative attitude, to such an extent that I began almost to believe that the ultimate object which most of the newsmen were pursuing — whatever subtle or cunning method they employed to disguise it — was to win recognition and special attention from persons in high position and thus to further their own personal interest.

The poignant experience I had with Mr. Anthony Astrachan will in part corroborate my thesis. During the 1950's Mr. Astrachan had lived in Ethiopia as a member of the staff of the United States Aid Program. Later on, he had left the agency and at the time of which I speak was on

the staff of *The Washington Post*. It is not for me to judge how good he is as a writer, but I can say how bad he is as an objective reporter. It seems that the new Ethiopian Ambassador who had succeeded me had expressed the displeasure of the Emperor about the editorial which appeared in *The Washington Post*, signifying support for my stand and warning the Emperor. This prompted Mr. Astrachan to write an article. He managed to contact some of my friends in Washington and asked them how he could meet me for an interview, promising he would write an objective report to the American public. I was at that time in New Hampshire, but the message was relayed to me by these friends, who were eager to see the issue come to life again.

I had already lost confidence in the reliability of the press and had started my own pamphlet series called, "In Search of the Truth." This paper, however diminutive it might be, contained a variety of topics, from poetry to politics, and was written in a very simple style in the Amharic language. Though the cost of printing was very taxing on my meager savings, I found it serviceable for conveying my message to the Ethiopian people. Therefore I thought it was unnecessary for me to seek further publicity in the American press, most of which as a matter of fact had so far shown only apathy to the cause I represented; I felt that my humble and unpretending pamphlet would do the indispensable job. (See page 94).

Unfortunately, however, there is a general tendency to believe that if a person gets attention in the public press, especially in a foreign press, the cause he represents is noble and worthy. My own view is quite the opposite. If a person gets favorable attention in the foreign press, there is reason to suspect that there is a 90% foreign interest in what he stands for. But when a person is sharply criticised or reviled by a foreign press — unless there are indisputable reasons — I think it likely that he is a

martyr who is testifying fearlessly to his principles. It sounds odd, but it is true in most cases.

I remember that once I was listening to a television newscast with an American friend of mine, a very conscientious person, when the reporter made this remark: "De Gaulle's dictatorial rule is responsible for the isolation of France from NATO." Interrupting the program, I asked what the reporter meant by "dictatorial rule." My friend's response was that the reporter regarded De Gaulle as a dictator in France, much as Mussolini had been in Italy. I was surprised by my friend's apparent acceptance of this view. So we engaged in a small discussion to clarify the basis of such an opinion.

Usually it was my habit to avoid entanglement in such controversy. But this time, since I knew the open-mindedness of my friend, I made an exception. I called for evidence to substantiate this opinion. Did De Gaulle deprive French citizens of their freedom of speech? Did De Gaulle exceed his power, which was granted him by the constitution? Did De Gaulle create his own Gestapo to silence his opponents? These are the fundamental questions which must be considered if we want to express an unbiased opinion and not to repeat the headstrong prejudice of a reporter. My friend supplied me with the Sunday editions of *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. In fact the reports these papers carried tended to make it appear that De Gaulle was virtually a dictator, though no factual evidence was given. It is sad that in an age when the human mind ventures to challenge even the authority of the Bible, people tamely swallow what they find in an ordinary newspaper.

As I pointed out above, despite my persistent objection to seeing Mr. Astrachan, my friends continued to urge me and finally prevailed, so that I had to go back to Washington for an interview. When I first met Mr. Astrachan

I thought him quite a simple and friendly person. He seemed impressed by the fact that I had challenged the Emperor's authority without fear of the consequences. He told me that even those who did not like me personally could not help but admit that it was a brave move. As examples he mentioned several Ethiopians with whom he had discussed the matter. Then he asked me many questions which I answered as well as I could.

After the interview a month passed and nothing happened. I suspected that the same force which had prevented the publication of previous reports favorable to my cause was working against the publication of his article. However, I was not concerned too much about it. By now I had realized that I could get along fairly well without the aid of the press. I persisted in persuading myself that the press for me would be a mere luxury and that it served only the rich, the powerful, and crooked politicians.

I was in Massachusetts by that time. One day I got two letters from Washington. One was from my brother Getahouin Dinke and the other was from Mr. Karl Mathiason, an American friend. Each had enclosed a clipping of the article by Anthony Astrachan from *The Washington Post*. As I read it, I found first that his article started with a disjointed and backhanded account of Amharic history and ended with a translation of an Amharic couplet which was neither accurate nor relevant. One could see how superficial was his knowledge of Amharic culture and literature. He presented none of the additional reasons for my protest which I had given him and instead repeated the charge of venal disloyalty and personal depravity made against me by the Ethiopian Embassy. In general his article was so written as to give the least possible offence to the Ethiopian government. I was later to discover that as a result of the favorable impression he had left on that government, he was permitted on several occasions to travel in Ethiopia. Had it been otherwise, he would

never have succeeded in getting a visa. As a further consequence, he is now stationed in Africa as a correspondent for *The Washington Post*.

Though I have had bitter experience with the press and am critical of its operation, I must not be understood to mean that all pressmen are alike and should not be trusted. As a matter of fact, it would not be fair if I should close this chapter without mentioning Mr. George Weeks of the United Press International. This is not because he has done any special favor to me; I did not ask him. What impressed me about him was that during the period of my crisis in Washington, I never noticed in him or in his articles any change of attitude toward me. This does not imply that he was incapable of recognizing that a change in my status had occurred. I am simply referring to his integrity, honesty, and sense of responsibility such as I wish all newsmen might have.

Nor do I at all advocate the abolition of the institution of the press. What I plead for strongly is the need for reformation. We talk of the danger of atomic power in the hands of irresponsible leadership. The power of the press is no less dangerous. People talk about the need of ethical rules for elected officials, but stress much less the need for journalistic ethics. We observe bribes, distortion, sensationalism. Not even a murmur is heard when the press spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to buy sensational stories from criminals such as Ray, assassin of Dr. King. Of course one could say that this is a free country where you can spend your money as you like. But what about its social impact? Does it not make it appear that crime is another kind of heroism?

CHAPTER V

Withdrawal

I must now retrace my steps a little to the period immediately after my resignation while I was still in Washington. When a month had passed after my leaving the Embassy, a change came over me. I felt that the negative attitude of all officials in the State Department with whom I came in contact, the cold indifference of some who had professed to be my close friends, and the disappointing experience with the press, left me no alternative but to withdraw from the Washington scene. Because of the emotional strain, I was exhausted, even though physically nothing was wrong with me. I realized the need for a quiet place where I could read my Bible and meditate. I decided to seek advice from Dr. Abraham Vereide. He is one of the most wonderful Christians I have ever met. When I pressed the button of the door bell at his home, he himself came to open the door, and the moment he saw me he raised his head up and extended his hands in a reverential manner of thanksgiving and said: "Praise the Lord!" Then he enfolded me in his arms and exclaimed how happy he was to see me. He told me how hard he had tried to get in touch with me as soon as he had heard the news of my resignation, but without success.

My first meeting with Dr. Vereide had been in 1961, when he came to pay me a visit in my residence. Then he invited me to attend a prayer meeting in his house. I was very much impressed by the simplicity of his character, his manner, and his style, all of which confirmed his wholehearted devotion and love for his fellow man. It was he who initiated the Presidential Prayer Breakfast, which the



Prayer Breakfast

President of the United States, members of the Cabinet, members of the Congress, and other dignitaries, including representatives of foreign governments, had been attending every year in February. Because of my interest in his spiritual enterprise, I had intended to spread the idea in the African continent that our leaders should reserve one day a year to meet in prayer and cultivate a holy and divine relationship. To this end I had arranged a breakfast meeting to which Vice President Hubert Humphrey, many Senators, Congressmen, and Ambassadors from several countries had come. Vice President Humphrey, the Ambassador from Nicaragua, who is the dean of the diplomatic corps, the Ambassador from Ghana, Congressman Al Quie, and Senator B. Everett Jordan had made very inspiring speeches. The advice that Mr. Douglas Coe, Dr. Vereide's assistant, gave me in preparing the program was immensely valuable. It had been really a successful meeting.

After welcoming me in the manner I have described and leading me in, Dr. Vereide encouraged me to tell my story. Finding me in such a gloomy state of mind, he thought that I regretted my action and felt it had been a moral error. He said sympathetically: "I am sorry for all the troubles you have undergone; but with God's help, I am sure we can restore peace between you and the Emperor." I wondered what sort of peace he hoped to restore. Quoting from Jeremiah, I said in a pessimistic mood, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Can you change the Emperor to be liberal and democratic in his rule? Or do you mean that I am to submit myself again to a tyranny?" I told him emphatically of my determination to fight to the end for principles I believed in, even though I had thus far received none of the support I had expected. Then I asked him if he could suggest any place where I could retire for solitude, reflection, and Bible reading until my mind regained its strength and

learned to lean on itself. He immediately placed a telephone call to Mrs. Carol Sturgis, owner and manager of Gray Ledges, a religious retreat in New Hampshire for people who need to get away from "the sultry heat of society and better themselves in cool solitude," and made a reservation for me. Since I had told him that I wanted to stay incognito, he did not specify who I was, but simply said that I was his important guest. He also said that he would be responsible for everything, but I declined to accept such generosity.

Next morning I packed my things and left Washington for Gray Ledges. What a relief! In the first place, in July the Washington weather was hot and humid, while in Gray Ledges it was mild and pleasant. In the second place, Washington was noisy, or at least so it seemed to me at that moment. But in Gray Ledges I found everything peaceful and quiet. I enjoyed it immensely.

Mrs. Sturgis was then busy preparing to welcome many guests who would come to attend a seminar on the Holy Spirit. The minister who conducted the seminar also baptized those who asked for it. It was not with water (by sprinkling, or immersion, or effusion), as is usually done in churches, but by the laying of hands upon the head. Some of those who received baptism spoke in strange languages such as are recorded in *Acts 2:4*. Others stood up to witness that they had experienced spiritual healing. Some sang; others wept and cried. I felt a little uneasy and confused. In a country where I had thought that new scientific discoveries had caused religious sentiments to appear superstitious and bigoted, it was unbelievable to find people who practiced Christianity in its original form.

One evening I was attending a religious service in the small chapel of Gray Ledges. At the end of the service, the minister called upon those who desired a special prayer to come near. I felt like going, but hesitated, since I

did not belong to the same church. Then something within me compelled me to advance and I found myself kneeling before the minister. He began: "O Father, bless our brother who has bowed humbly here before thee" Suddenly two ladies, holding my shoulders from behind, started to repeat, "Amen! Amen!" I did not know who these ladies were. I had not seen them doing this with others who had knelt asking for a prayer.

After the minister had closed his blessing, the two ladies asked him to let them make their testimonials about the visions each was having right at that moment concerning me. I was deeply disturbed. I reproached myself for my decision to kneel before the minister. I wanted to be left alone; that was why I had preferred Gray Ledges to Washington. But now what could I do? It would be loutish to show a scornful reaction. This was a devotional and solemn occasion. I had no alternative but to remain where I was, kneeling, with the eyes of all the people focused upon me.

Each recited her vision. One lady said: "I saw this man standing in the middle of a spacious field where suddenly a violent wind began to blow. It was so violent that this man could not keep his balance." And the other said: "I saw this man wearing an unusual garment with three colors on it. They were green, yellow, and red." Then they asked me if these visions meant something to me. I simply said I did not know. But what surprised me was that although these ladies did not know who I was or what country I came from, one of them had mentioned the three colors of the Ethiopian flag.

I stayed in Gray Ledges for forty-five days; attending Bible readings and seminars; roamed through the thick but silent bush of those surroundings under the blue sky; listened to the whisper of the cool and soothing wind. I was thoroughly refreshed and relaxed. It was a time of real

communion with nature. William Wordsworth called nature his "best and purest friend," and rightly so. At the time when I was bankrupt of human friendship, I found support, comfort, and love in nature.

But I did not abandon the struggle to which I had committed myself. The situation was still the same. No one had promised to help me; I had to carry the burden all alone. What I could do for the moment was simply to write political pamphlets and mail them to Ethiopia. This I did, sending off two or three. In the meantime I was inquiring for an inexpensive place to live, and I heard of nothing at all like Gray Ledges. Therefore, after discussing the matter with Mrs. Sturgis, who expressed her pleasure in having me there, I went back to Washington intending to return, bringing all my belongings.

Some of my friends, especially Teele Ab and Karl Mathiason, did not agree with my idea of leaving Washington. They thought that I was withdrawing from politics to join a religious movement. I was irritated and astonished at their lack of understanding about how lonesome and miserable I felt in Washington. All those fair-weather friends were no more. Either they did not have time or were afraid to meet me. I remember a friend who one day called me. While we were talking, the telephone made an unusual squeak. Immediately he hung up, saying, "I will call you later on." Then he came to where I was living, anxious and worried, to tell me then it was a definite possibility that my telephone was tapped. I told him that I cared very little. If there was anyone who was interested in listening to my conversation, I was not afraid. But it seemed that he was anxious on his own account.

It is true that the supposition that my wires were tapped would affect my relationship with other people. It gives rise to suspicion and uneasiness. In general, people do not want to associate with the kind of person whose tele-

phone conversation is under surveillance. But as far as I am concerned, what difference does it make? At that time I did not mind losing the kind of friends I had, and I had no ambition to make new ones. This of course sounds like the sour-grapes theory, and it is. In my right and honest thinking I cannot claim that I am indifferent to friendship. I have sometimes wished I were wholly without a human heart and insensitive to companionship, at least while I was in exile. But I found this impossible, despite my efforts to cultivate a condition which would enable me to live entirely by myself.

I remember an instance, one afternoon during this period. I was in a hotel in New York City, where I had gone temporarily to escape my suffering in Washington. I felt lonely. I yearned intensely to talk with someone, no matter about what subject. But with whom? Everyone seemed not only too busy, but to the depressed mood of my secluded mind, uninterested and indifferent to me. I suddenly left my room and went to one of the subway stations. It was about 4:30 P.M. The subway was crowded. Everybody was in a hurry to get home from work. I pretended to do the same. I entered the already crammed train without the least idea of where I was going. In the train, because of the crowding, we pushed each other, and we looked at one another, but without a single word.

Now I had to use my imagination to derive some satisfaction from the fact that I was sharing one car with a crowd, was even touching them, though we did not know each other. I had also to think that everybody in that train was mute and deaf, and had only a sense of sight. When we saw each other, there was no doubt that each was unconsciously responding to the behavior of the other by mentally saying, "I like you," or "I hate you", or "I am indifferent." In this way I could say we had communication. I can hardly believe now that such communication reduced

my loneliness, but at the time even that little contact was a saving grace.

In that subway I rode back and forth for almost five hours. When I was taking my last trip before returning to my hotel, the car was no longer crowded, so that I had a seat and found beside me a very pleasant person. He started to talk with me by saying, "What a calm evening after that rush hour!" We talked through the whole trip and alighted at the same station. He asked me to take something to eat or drink with him in a nearby drug store, which I accepted, and had a wonderful time. Such is the pain that one feels when he is deprived of friendship, and such is the delight of human association.

I remember a poem by Charles Branham which I would like to quote here:

Life is like a journey taken in a train
With a pair of travelers at each window pane.
I may sit beside you all the journey through,
Or I may sit elsewhere, never knowing you.
But if fate should mark me to sit by your side,
Let's be pleasant travelers — it's so short a ride.

In general it seems that any American has an intense curiosity about people and therefore it is not difficult to communicate with him. But the question often asked is how long American friendships last. The Britisher is considered to be slow and formal in forming friendships but when he actually does, they are deep and lasting. That, at least, is what I have heard, though I lack personal experience either to contradict or to confirm. In my relation with Americans, however, I had found both shallow and deep friendships, with the former more numerous than the latter. My statistics may be inaccurate when compared with others. But I could say what reference scale I used to reach such a conclusion. The great dramatist of



Dear Abby with her daughter

ancient Rome, Plautus, in his work "Captivi" said: "Laudo, malum cum amici tuom dueis malum." It means, "I praise you, when you look on the trouble of your friend as your own." As I have described in a previous chapter, I have lived with Americans as visitor, diplomat, and now as exile. There is no doubt I made friends during my visit, and even more during my Ambassadorship. But as an exile I cannot count my friends even up to ten. They are very few. This means that it is very rare to find friends who look on my trouble as their own. Until friendship reaches such a degree, I could hardly call any casual human relationship — though useful in its own way — real friendship.

When I say that at present I cannot count ten friends, perhaps the reader may think I mean that as an exile I have reached out for friendship but have found no welcome. This is not correct. Many Americans have invited me to their homes, but in these years I have always declined. Because of my experiences in Washington, I have not felt I could talk to persons whom I do not know well. Perhaps they will not approve or sympathize. I do not even want to tell who I am or where I came from. In a sense I have imposed a "social quarantine" upon myself, and to make friends has necessarily been impossible.

Speaking of friendship, about a year ago one of the friends I do have came from a distant state with the sole purpose of spending one evening with me. Before we went to dinner in his hotel, he drove me around the countryside, talking, and in our conversation we hit upon the subject of friendship. After listening to my experiences, he said: "Mr. Dinke, don't be disappointed because your friends have deserted you when you were in need. This is rather a good omen that you are going to have a very noble and reliable friend, capable of providing you with more than thousands of ordinary friends can do. I will tell you a story a propos:

"Once Lincoln was examining appeals for pardon, addressed to him by soldiers who were undergoing military discipline. Each appeal was accompanied by letters of recommendation from influential persons. Among these appeals, to his surprise, Lincoln found a single one without the usual supporting letter. "What," exclaimed the President, "has this man no friends to recommend him for pardon?" One of his assistants answered, "No, sir." "Then," said Lincoln, "I will be his friend."

This story is very comforting, especially for a person such as myself who lives by faith.

CHAPTER VI

Churchmen in the United States

As I have indicated in the previous chapter, I was supposed to return to Gray Ledges. At the same time it happened that the Rev. Arthur White, a Congregational minister, offered me the hospitality of his home in Massachusetts. I found it better to live with him instead of going back to Gray Ledges. He and his wife were very kind to me and treated me as one of the family. The Whites have three children. They all are polite and friendly. I found also many kindly disposed and helpful people among members of his church.

While I was with the Whites I received a letter from an Ethiopian friend warning me that the Emperor's agents were busy trying to trace me and that a \$10,000 price tag had been placed on my head. This friend insisted that I should leave the United States and find a more secure place. I told this to the Rev. White, who immediately set himself to write two letters, one to Mr. Leverett Saltonstall and the other to Mr. Edward M. Kennedy, both Senators from Massachusetts. In his letter he called the attention of the Senators to the possibility that I might be the victim of a political murder. Here is a copy of his letter and the one referred to and enclosed in it.

April 11, 1966

The Hon. Senator Edward M. Kennedy
Senate Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Dear Senator Kennedy:

Attached is a letter from Mr. Berhanou Dinku, former

Ethiopian Ambassador to the United States, to a countryman of his. It concerns the political murder of another countryman who dared to disagree with the despotic rule of Emperor Haile Selassie. Mr. Dinke, himself, is in voluntary exile in our country, having been granted asylum by the Government of the United States. It has been my great pleasure to know Mr. Dinke. He has expressed a concern that the Emperor will go to any length to silence those who disagree with him. My purpose in sending you a copy of the attached letter is to bring to your attention the possibility of violence against Mr. Dinke's life by agents of the Emperor.

Our Government recognizes and supports the Emperor because he is the recognized head of the Ethiopian Government. It is my sincere opinion that despite official recognition, our State Department is aware of the increasing number of Ethiopians who see the Emperor as a tyrant. Mr. Dinke's approach to the tyranny in his country is non-violent but other factions are not so patient. How aware is our Government of this situation in Ethiopia where opponents of tyranny are not safe from the Emperor's wrath even while under protection of other Governments?

Very truly yours,
Arthur F. White,
Minister

In order not to endanger the safety of the person to whom the next letter was addressed, I omit his full name and address.

April 2, 1966

Dear Mr. Gebre:

I received your letter which carried the sad news of the cruel murder of our compatriot, Mr. Kebede Tesema

in Khartoum, Sudan by secret agents of Emperor Haile Selassie. Your letter also intimates that the murder was actuated with apparent blessing of the government of Sudan, in which Mr. Tesema was given political asylum. Though I did not know him personally, I gather from your letter that he was an official in the Ministry of the Interior (Security Department), who exiled himself in protest against the present regime. I have had no chance to read the February 26 edition of the French paper *Le Monde*, which you mentioned as having reported the murder. It is a thorn in the heart of all Ethiopians who abhor injustice, this bestial attack on the life of one of those who frankly express their political views.

What the Emperor and his advisors do not want to understand is that blood has never been able to extinguish the blazing desire for freedom in man's heart. The more blood they shed, the more passion for freedom they cause to generate, so that those who stand for human rights see vividly their dream and clearly mirror their hope. These oppressors can kill but they cannot make people dumb. They do not learn from history that sooner or later they will have to render an account.

I appreciate your concern for my safety; I note your insistence that I leave this country, which in your opinion is not a safe place for me. To be frank, it is very hard to believe that a nation founded on justice and liberty, with these living Jeffersonian words: "*We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal and are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,*" would tolerate such an abuse of justice in its own land.

However, regardless of whether or not there is a plot on my life, I would like you to know that I have already told the Emperor that if he considers my stand to be against the interests of the Ethiopian people I would be willing to come home to defend my case, if he at the same time

assures me that the court of justice will be opened for all to see and hear; that I choose my own counsel; that I will be treated like a human being. This does not mean, of course, that I could rely upon the Ethiopian Court of Justice, accustomed to pass judgment as explicitly ordered by the Emperor, to handle my case properly. After all, it is the Emperor's decision which prevails, even though some conscientious judges muster the force of their professional ethics to apply the law of the land at risk to themselves. I refer to the fate of Justices Gebremedhin Hailemariam and Taddese Mengesha, who lost their positions, and one of whom was banished.

Nevertheless, I trust that this offer on my part would serve the Emperor at least to understand that I am not running away like a criminal, but standing for Freedom and Peace, either in life or death, at home or abroad. Whether he chooses assassination or hanging me in one of the squares of Addis Abeba (as usually done to frighten the spectators) it is understandable that my vote does not count. For that matter I have no right either but to accept silently whatever destiny would bring. As the Scripture says, "The righteous has hope in his death" (Proverbs 14:32); perhaps it is God's plan that our hope for freedom will be fulfilled in death. So let us continue our struggle, trusting in God, who has a sunny side to every rainy day.

Again, I thank you for your concern, your comforting words and your hope to see me through.

Sincerely yours,

Berhanou Dinke

In due time the Rev. White received answers from the two senators, who had approached the Department of State about the matter. The Department had advised them

of the necessary course to follow in case of any imminent danger, and they transmitted this information to Mr. White.

While I was encouraged by the action of the Rev. White, who is not timid about standing for a principle, the behavior of some ministers who had been in Ethiopia and had seen the real conditions there, was then and has been throughout my exile very disheartening to me. Apparently these preachers thought that by praising the Emperor, they would gain his favor for the missions of their denominations in Ethiopia, and therefore they used their pulpits to eulogize his tyrannical and oppressive rule. They called him a true Christian, "a small man of great faith," and an enlightened leader. This has always disturbed me greatly and caused me to doubt the ability and the effectiveness of the church in preserving Christian values and democratic ideals under the leadership of such men. On one occasion when I had read in the newspaper of such flattery, I could not help writing a letter of protest, as follows:

December 14, 1968

Rev. Dr. Oswald Hoffmann
Lutheran Hour International Speaker
210 North Broadway
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Dr. Hoffmann:

Today I have read a newspaper article about your interview with Emperor Haile Sellasie in which you have praised him as "a small man of great faith" and about the program which you intend to broadcast as a special Christmas celebration on the Lutheran Hour. I should not be surprised if this kind of flummery came from an ordinary press agent whose motive and interest were of a dubious nature. But it is very difficult to look with stoic indifference upon the activities of a clergyman such as you, who has made unequivocal and total commitment to Truth, wander-

ing from the main teaching of Christ, not only by tolerance of the intolerable but also by providing unnecessary encouragement to a tyrant to entertain a wrong image of himself. There is an Ethiopian proverb which says: "Tell the leprous man that he is affected with leprosy; otherwise he will dip his fingers into the dish and infect others."

Were I not keenly aware of the sad consequences, I should not write you such an unreserved and frank letter, free from any diplomatic indirection. It is very difficult for me to consider your remark about the Emperor as a kindly word intended simply to cheer an old man by saying something agreeable. It amounts to an implied approval of his belief in the divinity of his royal power, a belief which has resulted through the years in the total denial of elemental human rights to the Ethiopian people.

Christ, although he said, "Give to Caesar what is Caesar's" never went to him to curry his favor or seek his patronage. He was never impressed by the glamor of his palace and the Golconda of his empire. Instead he lived and worked with the poor, the beggar, and the sick. He taught liberty, justice, and mercy. He had never been timid before the conceited and self-centered Pharisees. He often exposed their hypocrisy and called them in public "whited sepulchers." This is the kind of example Christ set for his followers. I wonder how you justify your profuse and lavish praise of the Emperor as "a small man of great faith." Is it because he goes to church every Sunday? or reads his psalms daily? or fasts two days a week? Or is he made "a man of great faith" by the very fact that he has successfully maintained his iron rule for such long decades over the unfortunate people? If that is sufficient, may I remind you that some famous despots must be added to the roll of honor?

I hope that you will understand with true Christian spirit my legitimate complaint, since I am one of those unfortunate Ethiopians who are suffering because of the Emperor's

autoeratic rule. If you feel that my criticism is unfounded and without base, I gladly welcome your right of refutation.

Sincerely,

Berhanou Dínke

Dr. Hoffmann's response to the above protest — however polite and sympathetic it may have been — did not get to the heart of the problem. Admittedly I was expecting that he would either acknowledge his misconception about the situation in Ethiopia or present some sort of argument to prove that my criticisms were ill-founded. Instead, in his letter dated December 27, 1968, he said that the Emperor had been gracious to him and he could not doubt the Emperor's sincerity. However, I have never called into question the meretricious charm of the Emperor. It has deceived many before Dr. Hoffman. One could say also without any reservation that the Emperor's regal manner and condescension have been a great asset to tourism in Ethiopia by attracting many foreign visitors to his country, just as the famous monster of Loch Ness does to Scotland. These visitors, tired of the Shakespearean actors with their imperfect imitation of a king's deportment, yearn to see a real king enacting his royal function, and this they could not find either in England or in any other monarchical country because of the constitutional limitations imposed upon the monarchs. I remember what an American lady once told me of her feeling about Haile Sellasie. She said every inch of him would be equal to a complete Emperor. Then I asked her what she thought about Queen Elizabeth. Her quick answer was, "I am not talking about toys; I am talking about a real Emperor." It is quite a compliment. But the question is whether the Ethiopians should sacrifice their human rights just because

their foreign visitors enjoy the vanities of the Emperor and the pageantry of his court.

The Romans are said to have entertained themselves and their guests by the gladiatorial combats among slaves, captives, or condemned persons who were forced to fight and kill each other. These spectators, preoccupied only with their sadistic enjoyment, could not realize how much the gladiators had been suffering until the Christian monk Telemachus became a martyr to abolish this slaughter.

I do not see any difference in our case. The church must follow in the footsteps of Telemachus and help to abolish autocratic monarchical rule instead of enjoying its pageantry like ordinary spectators without a modicum of moral sense.

CHAPTER VII

A Dialogue

During a recent conversation, a helpful American friend, Dr. B. Levinson, psychologist, asked me some fundamental questions concerning my action and my previous experiences in Ethiopia. The conversation was stimulating in that it touches the complexity and the "identity crisis" of every human being. It ran somewhat like this:

Levinson: I am puzzled by the fact that among the Ethiopians, with the exception of students, you are alone in openly defying the Emperor's rule. As a consequence of this you have lost your status, your country, your property, and your home with all its blessings of comfort, companionship, and the love of your family. Was there any person in your early life whom you loved and admired so much that you would internalize his courage or his determination to speak out when he felt it right? Or what other influences and experiences could enable you to take such a stand?

Dinke: I have always admired people who sacrificed their lives and fortunes for the sake of their principles; but I could not single out one or two persons as being my special inspirers or mentors.

Levinson: Could you tell me a little of your father's background? What kind of person was he? What kind of relationship did you have with him?

Dinke: My father was a wise clergyman, a famous poet in Geez, the literary language of Ethiopia, mild in his relation with other people but very strict with me. The

reason was understandable. He had an ardent desire that I should excel in my studies. He would not allow me even as a small boy to play and spend a little time in leisure. Though I learned later that it was out of love and fatherly ambition and hope for a successful future for his son, I intensely resented it at that time. It was not until I was about 17, when I was initiated as a poet in Geez, that I fully recognized his benevolence. But even then I did not accept all his goals for me.

Levinson: How was your relationship with your colleagues in the government?

Dinke: I would call myself an independent-minded person, or stubborn, whatever term you want to use. I will explain why I say this. The Emperor in his policy of "Divide et impera" would like always to see people accuse each other and then intervene as an umpire. When I was in the government, there were two influential personalities in his Cabinet — Mekonen Indalkachew and Wolde Giorgis Wolde Yohannes. The former was Prime Minister and the latter was Minister of the Pen, who was responsible for keeping and using the Great Seal of the Emperor. These men had their followers inside and outside the Cabinet, not because they represented any ideology, but because they were capable of giving protection or promotion in the government. Any person who did not belong to the coteries of these men would run a great risk. To be a member of one group, one should prove by word or action that he was antagonistic to the other. Thus the groups were always watchful to find fault with each other. They had to spy out what the other side was doing and report to the Emperor. Each should make every effort to convince the Emperor that he himself and his group were loyal and the other side was disloyal. The Emperor, however, would not react hastily. He knows this is unwise. Instead he would give them every opportunity to continue their struggle, now encouraging one group and then smil-

ing on the other, until such time as he felt he had definite evidence against one side. He would then give his real backing to the other. As far as I myself was concerned, I had never desired to join one or the other clique. I had always stood by myself, though the pressure was difficult to bear, since both groups had been hostile to me.

Levinson: Then how did you survive?

Diuke: It seemed the Emperor had recognized my independent-mindedness and used it to his own advantage. In fact, when the clashes of interest between these two cliques prevented him from getting to the bottom of a given subject, he often asked my opinion. He also defended my actions whenever he found them right or not conflicting with his purpose. For example, as soon as I entered the Ministry of Posts, Telephones, and Telegraphs, it was reported to me that the Emperor's son, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Defence, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Commerce and Industry had not paid their telephone bills for over seven or eight years. Immediately I served them notice that unless the bills were paid within ten days, I would discontinue the service and bring action in court against them for payment. No one believed I was going to carry out my threat and no one took the trouble to pay. At the appointed date, I ordered their telephones to be disconnected. All were in violent rages. They went to the Emperor to complain against me for what they called a "foolish act." People in the city were saying that I was unreasonably hastening the end of my days in the government. But the Emperor's decision in this matter surprised everybody, including myself. After he had heard my explanation he praised me and dismissed the complaints. I have always remembered what Mehonon Indalkachew at that time said sourly to the Emperor: "Your Majesty! This arrogant man has humiliated us before the Ethiopian public and you praised him for this. One day this same man will dare to challenge your authority

and shame you in the same manner." Then, of course, everybody understood these words as a mere expression of resentment and frustration. But now I ask myself: "Was Indalkachew really prophesying my present opposition to the Emperor? In those days I was aware only of unpaid telephone bills. Had he foreseen that some day I would become aware of the Emperor's own unpaid pledges to his people and be forced to call him also to account?"

Levinson: That would have been very perceptive of Indalkachew. But I understand that you held several high positions in Haile Sellasie's government and served him faithfully for a long time. Why did you rebel in 1965 and not before?

Dinke: There were times when I saw people imprisoned without trial and their property taken without due process of law and still felt that the Emperor had prerogatives to dispense justice as he thought right. But later on, my visit to the United States and my subsequent travels abroad had undermined my settled acceptance of the Emperor's absolute power. Even so I was not contemplating revolt, because I knew nothing could be done against the well organized force I would confront.

Then in 1960 the palace revolt in Ethiopia occurred. Despite its abortion, there was no doubt that to a considerable extent it awakened the political consciousness of the people. They began to whisper to each other about the Emperor's misrule and about human rights. This could have served to warn the Emperor that he must consider a change in his policy. To convey this thought, I wrote him two reports from Washington. They were the first I had written him which contained frank and sincere opinions about the internal problem, and may have been the first he had ever received from anyone. It seemed the Emperor did not like them, since he did not even acknowledge receipt.

Levinson: Do you think that the divorce from your wife had contributed something to your decision? What would you have done if your wife had been still with you? Would you have left her in order to oppose the Emperor just as you did, or would you have put off your plan to resign or even have abandoned it, in order to avoid harming your family?

Dinke: Your question recalls to my mind what Ras Abebe Aregay, one of the leaders of the Ethiopian patriots during the Fascist invasion of Ethiopia, said with regard to his family. On one occasion while he was fighting, his wife was taken prisoner. The Italians tried to use her as a bait to ensnare him, but without success. He later said: "I only felt more free to fight after my wife was taken prisoner, far freer than when she was with me." It is true that one feels freer when he is by himself. The effect of having a wife or no wife, however, is very little when it comes to a political action in which one believes strongly. Unfortunately, there are many bachelors or other persons who have no dependents, yet who have never thought of entering the struggle for political rights. This, I believe, is a matter of individual sentiment. Besides, in many instances a wife can be a source of inspiration and strength rather than an encumbrance, even in the political arena.

Levinson: How was your action received by the Ethiopians?

Dinke: At the beginning, those who did not like me for personal reasons cooperated with the government by inventing various stories to damage my reputation. For example, they said that I had married a beautiful, rich American girl and was enjoying life and doing nothing. Or they said I had sold myself to become an agent for Somalia, a neighboring African country, against Ethiopia. But the truth could not remain buried under the rubbish heap of cheap propaganda. Now, many people in Ethiopia

are receiving my pamphlets and are sending me congratulatory messages. Of course this is not enough. They must do themselves what they have seen me do and then congratulate themselves.

Levinson: Mr. Dinke, you have already mentioned a strong reason why the slanders urged against you are not being believed. Do you not think your reputation for steadfastness (or stubbornness, if you prefer) in speaking the truth, without fear or favor, which you earned during the years when you were a public official in your own country, offers strong evidence that you are stubbornly speaking the truth now also? People know you are a man of conviction.

Dinke: Thank you, Dr. Levinson for your compliment. But I have to leave the answer to your question to the conscience of my fellow Ethiopians. It is true that many do believe in the earnestness of my endeavor.

Dr. Levinson's questions were exhaustive and it is not possible for me to cover them all here, since their aim, I suppose, is not limited to understanding a friend. They were intended also to delve into the mystery of unconscious motivation. For my purpose, the above excerpt is enough. What I am stressing in this chapter is how the Ethiopian people reacted to my protest; and it is not my primary intent to provide data for the field of psychology, but to collect and record minor events which one day will form part of our history. I wish I were able to mention the names of some Ethiopians who are involved in the endeavor to change the present situation. Since their struggle is not open, I am not at liberty to do so. Otherwise I would be liable for exposing their lives to great danger.

At the same time I recall that some friends have suggested to me that I should not criticise even those who for selfish motives are encouraging the Emperor's repres-

sive and arbitrary policies and in this way betraying their sacred duty toward their country and their fellow Ethiopians. The reason my friends give is that my very criticisms have helped to advance these sycophants and gain them more trust and favor from the Emperor, rather than serving them as warnings. As an example my friends have cited the case of Mr. Teshome Haile Mariam, former Attorney General, who simply because of my criticism of him was considered by the Emperor to be his true supporter and was promoted to a higher position. However, I am glad to hear that my criticism has the magic power of a "greegree," an African amulet which brings good luck. With this in mind, I can use it whenever a proper occasion presents itself.

CHAPTER VIII

Appeals

In a previous chapter I said that I had not prepared a long range program for effectively opposing the oppressive rule of the Emperor. To do that would have required a sufficient fund of money, dedicated and self-denying collaborators, and an inspiring or encouraging environment. Unfortunately I have had none of these. I have only done whatever the means at my disposal have made possible, in order to advance the cause of freedom.

Thus, while I was in Massachusetts, besides pamphlets which I had undertaken to write and circulate, I felt it would be of additional assistance also to write letters to prominent persons of world-wide reputation, appealing to them to intercede on behalf of the Ethiopian people and urge the Emperor to relax his dictatorial rule. One of these persons was Pope Paul VI. The reason why I wrote to him was that the Emperor was tutored by Catholic priests in Harer, his birthplace, during his youth, and since then had developed a close relationship with Catholics, though of course he remained formally the head of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, the official church by virtue of the present constitution. And here I shall interpolate a few words about the religious situation in Ethiopia and its bearing on the political and social progress of that country.

The Ethiopian Orthodox Church adheres to the monophysite form of the Christian religion. (The term "monophysite" refers to a unitary conception of the nature of Christ.) This Ethiopian church has a close association with the

Coptic church because it took its origin from Egypt. The Ethiopians had agreed with the Copts (who were and are Egyptians) in supporting the views of the theologian Dioscurus in his opposition to the canons of Chalcedon in 451 A.D.

There have been several attempts by Catholics to replace the Coptic church in Ethiopia. Particularly the Portuguese, with their enterprising spirit, in the sixteenth century almost succeeded in bringing the Ethiopian church into the Papal orbit. Their failure has been attributed only to the bigotry of some Roman priests who resorted to the crude method of forcing the people to accept Catholicism instead of using finesse.

Some people think that the association of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church with the Coptic church, which is weak in every respect, was responsible for retarding social and educational progress in Ethiopia and that Ethiopia could do better with Catholicism, which is widely recognized for its weighty influence and high scholastic standards. Ethiopian Orthodox churchmen have often been accused of hoarding money, apathy toward social justice, lack of proper training, and excessive conservatism. They are intensely hated by the younger generation. Their blind obedience to the Emperor and their willingness to be used by him to justify his absolute power are considered unforgivable.

The Catholic church in Ethiopia has many Ethiopian members. The future seems to open a new opportunity for competition between Catholics on the one side and Protestants on the other, with members of the Ethiopian Orthodox church out of the race, unless they make considerable efforts to reform their church.

Despite his apparent lack of interest in social reform, I wrote also to the Patriarch of the Ethiopian Orthodox church, of which I am a member. I sent another letter to

Abuna Theoflos, deputy to the Ethiopian Patriarch. As was expected, no answer came from them, while Pope Paul VI was so magnanimous that he promptly responded to my appeal.

For lack of space I cannot publish my letters to prominent persons except for three, including the one addressed to the Emperor himself, which the reader will find below.

Boston, September 29, 1965

His Holiness Pope Paul VI
Vatican City, Italy

Your Holiness:

I am the former Ethiopian Ambassador in Washington, who resigned last June in protest against the absolute and tyrannical rule of Emperor Haile Sellasie. At present I live in the United States of America, leaving behind my beloved country, my small children, my affectionate old mother, and my other relatives, to say nothing about my private possessions.

In a world which is moving so fast both in the religious and the political domain, it is unreasonable to expect that the Ethiopian people should accept passively the obsolete and medieval conditions now prevailing in my country. The Emperor still claims divine right. He is absolute master of the country. There is no freedom of expression nor equal protection of the laws. Against this background, the people of Ethiopia on several occasions have pleaded for wholesome reform in the government. Unfortunately their appeal has gone unheard and their leaders have been ruthlessly killed or imprisoned. Now the control of the government has been tightened so greatly that no one dares to challenge it in any way.

If the freedom of conscience in religious practice which has recently been so admirably achieved by the leader-

ship of Your Holiness in the Catholic church — which until your recent pronouncement was considered a most conservative institution in the eyes of the outside world — could not set a precedent and a guiding spirit for the Emperor, who professes to be a Christian, then what other hope is left for the Ethiopian people to bring about a peaceful change in their government? The Emperor, always anxious to preserve the status quo in his authoritarian regime . . . warns us that advocated change means treason, which entails grave responsibility for causing unstable and chaotic situations in the country. He does not realize that if such situations were to arise, he would be solely responsible for failing to observe fundamental human rights, establish social justice, and set up a sound democratic life. . . .

In the face of such ungodly acts as those mentioned above, I am convinced that Your Holiness, as a great spiritual leader of the largest church in the world, aware of the aspirations of underprivileged people, will not remain silent and indifferent. That is why I have decided to write to you, so that you will use your high office to encourage the Emperor, who was once a student of the Catholic missionary fathers in Ethiopia, to soften his hard grip, which leads only to violent revolution. I hope also you will pray for him, so that he will get spiritual knowledge and insight to understand that the Ethiopian people can only rejoice under a democratic system of government which enables them to live in harmony and peace, working together with one heart, one mind, and one purpose for the years to come.

Respectfully,

Berhanou Dinke

January 21, 1966

Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
334 Auburn Avenue
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Dr. King:

I hope that you may be familiar with the news of my recent resignation as Ethiopian Ambassador to the United States, in protest against the despotic rule of Emperor Haile Sellasie. When I made the decision my aim obviously was to establish "A Council of Citizens" (similar to the Civil Rights Movement) in order to help the emancipation of the Ethiopian People, to prepare them to take an active and responsible role in the affairs of their government.

Unfortunately, this idea was alien to the Emperor, who still believes in his divine right. It caused undue apprehension in his dictatorial regime, which immediately responded with a systematic campaign to discredit my stand. To this end a considerable amount of money is being spent through various agencies in the world.

Last September I wrote an appeal to His Holiness, Pope Paul VI, for his intercession. I asked him to use the influence of his high office and urge the Emperor to understand the situation — that his claim of divine right is not only obsolete and outmoded, but meaningless to present political thinking. I am very glad to report that the Pontiff promptly gave me assurance that my appeal is receiving his attentive consideration.

I am writing you not only as a leader of the Civil Rights Movement in this country, but also as a truly dedicated champion for the noble cause of peace and human dignity, for which you have rightfully won international recognition. In a world which is advancing so rapidly toward maturity and reaching for the peak of its development it is unfair that the Ethiopian People be kept down at the

foot of the hill while others reap the blessings of progress at the top.

I therefore take the liberty to ask for your intervention with His Majesty's Government that, in the interests of our people, the Government reconsider my request to establish the Council of Citizens, which is a peaceful movement to defend the cause of the victims of oppression by the unbridled power of the present regime.

Hoping to hear from you, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Berhanou Dinke

The next letter was addressed by me to the Emperor on the occasion of his visit to the United States in 1966, at the invitation of President Johnson.

His Majesty Haile Sellassie I
Emperor of Ethiopia
Ethiopian Embassy
Washington, D. C.

Your Majesty:

I remember with emotion that five years ago I welcomed you, while in this country as your Majest's Ambassador to the White House, where the late President John F. Kennedy gave you a warm and rousing reception. At present, although my position has changed and my heart is heavy, I still feel moved to say: "Welcome back, Your Majesty!"

Let it be known to you and to others that I am no hate-monger. There is no reason for me to be. What I did, and still am doing, is to try and help you to realize that what we in Ethiopia repeat aloud to praise Your Majesty does not always truly agree with the whisper of our conscience. The fact that some of my countrymen continue

with this pretence should not be construed as contradictory evidence to the case of which I am a plaintiff. As Dr. George Sewell put it, it is simply "the result of fear which conscience has to pay as a tax for guilt." I don't mean to boast that I am bold and fearless, but I do feel free in my conscience that at least I am trying to be honest with Your Majesty and myself in pointing out that the salvation of our country lies in a higher standard of morality and freedom rather than in flattery and adulation.

I believe Your Majesty knows that I am fully justified in taking such a stand. My public statements and my writings are based purely on observable facts, the accuracy of which could be verified easily by any truth-seeking person. Is there any informed person who really doesn't know that the country is ruled by a piece of paper from the Ministry of Pen, carrying your personal command, rather than by the widely publicized Constitution? Incidentally, I have in my possession one of those puissant letters from the Ministry of Pen. Again, is there anyone who would deny, if he were free to do so, the corruption of the Justice Administration, and that you made yourself a Supreme Judge in both civil and criminal cases to decide them the way you wish, with apparently obvious disregard for the law which defines the jurisdiction of the courts? I doubt that even your present Ambassador, Mr. Teshome Haile Mariam, who in the past has acted both as chief prosecutor and judge at the same time, would have the courage to refute my statement. Wasn't it true, also, that any member of your secret service had *carte blanche* to perpetrate any kind of abuse for his own pleasure? I have conclusive evidence to prove that, too.

I can't go over the entire list of all the miseries and sufferings which have resulted from bad government during Your Majesty's regime in this letter. I deeply regret having to inject my complaints and harass Your Majesty with this kind of communication at this time. However, I hope you

understand my situation, which compelled me to take advantage of this opportunity. Your Majesty is aware of recent developments in Ethiopia, particularly among various ethnic groups, which one day might flare up into serious open hostility. What depresses me more is that the Amharas are singled out as scapegoats. They are blamed for denying other ethnic groups their rights; they are accused of obstructing progress by their conservative attitude; they are incriminated for exploiting others. This, of course, is not true. It is purely what the Freudian psychologists call "transference" or "displacement." These poor Amharas are unjustly identified with the bad aspects of your regime only because of a very small self-interested clique around the Imperial Palace. Otherwise, there is incontestable evidence that the Amharas cried out for change and progress. As a matter of fact, some sacrificed their lives and others were exiled or imprisoned or suffered the loss of their positions and possessions for the sake of their faith in progress and change.

Your Majesty, my appeal is not a new one. It is the reiteration of what I already have petitioned for in my previous letters spelling out all grievances about the wrongs and oppressions which have plagued the Ethiopian people. Nevertheless, I still believe the situation could be corrected if Your Majesty were willing to:

- (1) Relinquish the out-of-date claim of Divine Right.
- (2) Revise the Constitution, making it more adaptable to a democratic form of Government.
- (3) Allow political parties.
- (4) Subscribe to the concept of popularly elected government, without regard to religion or ethnic origin.

Then and only then shall the Ethiopian people begin to realize what liberty, justice and equality mean, and feel

what God made them to be. Your Majesty has made quite extensive trips around the world. I don't think there are many countries which have not been visited by you. Does not this kind of endeavor help enrich your experience and better prepare you to measure up with the the rapidly changing conditions of life? I remember what the English poet, Oliver Goldsmith, said: "People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy." Therefore, I entreat you again, Sir, to judiciously apply your experiences from other countries as a model — not the bad ones, of course — to improve the social, political, and economic conditions in Ethiopia, instead of vainly striving to preserve the status quo. How long can Your Majesty rely on force and suppression? Surely there is a limit. Human history, from Caesar to Hitler, is a living example and faithful witness.

In conclusion, I should like to point out that yours is actually a great opportunity to lead the Nation into a new life and earn the true respect and admiration of not only our people but the world. On the other hand, admiration based solely on appearances is a fragile commodity. It is a great liability and a marked weakness to depend upon vain publicity from the foreign press and call that a success. This brings to mind the story of a doctor who ventured to cable to the relatives of his patient: "Operation succeeded, but the patient died." It is this kind of misrepresentation that history records on the liability side of the ledger, thus showing the exact balance on the account of our transaction in life. History is not a fable. It is free from fear, special interest, affection, or hatred. What makes it appear negligent or lax is that it never lets anyone see his own record during his lifetime, leaving everybody to think of himself as a saint, hero, savior and benefactor.

Sincerely and respectfully,

Berhanou Dinke

CHAPTER IX

The Future

One of the earliest and the greatest Greek poets, Aeschylus, said: "Exiles feed on hope." That is exactly what I am doing. Despite frustration and disappointment, were it not for the spark of hope for a better future, my stand and the personal risk I have taken with it would be considered as almost suicidal. Of course I cannot predict with accuracy how things in Ethiopia will turn out; but I know for certain this much: they will not be the same.

The fashionable slogan of the new generation everywhere is, "Change! change! change!" Even in the most advanced countries of the world, where conditions seem settled in a more or less satisfactory way, we hear of bitter grievances and woes. Many people openly express their wish that the existing social and economic order should be overturned and destroyed. They talk of its wickedness, its corruption, and its moral degradation. It is perplexing that even man's modern technological achievements, which have attained such a high degree of excellence as to land him on the moon, cannot offer any help in solving the problems of his own making and in creating an atmosphere of understanding and cooperation.

This human incompetence makes even worse the situation in the developing countries of Asia and Africa. They do not know to whom to turn for advice and guidance. Besides, they are not left alone to find their own way of life. The equalitarian theory of the East and the libertarian doctrine of the West are battling for hegemony at the doorstep of these developing nations and exerting practi-

cal pressures, thus frustrating the wishes of each such nation to determine its own destiny and to live in peace under the social structure of its own choosing.

The only beneficiaries of these conflicting pressures and the resulting social ferment and confusion are dictators like Haile Sellasie. They take advantage of the situation to justify their claim that the only way to achieve a stable government is the suppression of any political opinions. There are two types of dictatorship: one dealing with ideology and program; the other concerned only with power and personal glory. Many people in the developing countries feel that the dictatorship motivated by ideology and committed to a certain social and economic program is more tolerable than the dictatorship of an egocentric person who repeats the words of Louis XIV: "L'etat, c'est moi" or "I am the state." I remember a conversation I had with a young Ethiopian:

"I don't like your idea of constitutional monarchy, Mr. Dinke," he said.

"Why?" I asked the young man.

"You know that Haile Sellasie himself claims to be a constitutional monarch. What difference does it make if another fellow sits on the throne of Haile Sellasie and calls himself a constitutional monarch? It is a farce. I do not believe in monarchy. It is a thing of the past and has no practical utility in our modern society."

"Then what is your alternative?"

"The Socialist Republic of Ethiopia!"

"Like what?"

"Like Russia or China."

"What about freedom?"

"I am willing to sacrifice my freedom for a cause which

in the long run will benefit my country and its people. Above all don't forget, Mr. Dinke, that socialism is not against freedom. It is only discipline that it demands."

"What do you think about democracy?"

"I have heard many people saying that communism is a utopian dream, but I tell you that it is capitalistic democracy which promises many things but achieves nothing. Much social injustice is committed in the name of democracy."

These are the kinds of arguments we hear from time to time. My purpose in this chapter is not to refute the reasoning of this young man, or to support my own thesis. I am simply trying to bring out facts, the correct interpretation of which would enable us to understand what the future looks like. However, I want to draw to the attention of the reader that my passing over without comment the concept of "The Socialist Republic of Ethiopia" does not essentially mean endorsement of our young man's view. A self-styled poet once gave to Alexis Piron, a French dramatist, well known for his wit and epigrams, a long manuscript of verses. The poet asked the dramatist to read this so-called literary work, that according to the author was the best ever written, and told him to put a cross before each line which he thought might possibly need improvement. A few days later he asked for his manuscript back and Piron returned it without any comment. Leafing anxiously through the pages and finding no remark by Piron, the author delightedly exclaimed: "Why, I don't see a single cross on my writing!" "No," Piron acknowledged, "I didn't want to make a graveyard of it."

I do not think it is time for me to repeat what I have said in other publications, or for us Ethiopians to engage in futile contradictions and idle arguments. Instead, it is time for each of us to welcome new suggestions even if



Ethiopian students

they do not agree with our own preconceived ideas. It is foolish to assume a narrow fanatical attitude toward any political belief. Political thought is not metaphysics; it must be practical. Man is not made to serve a political system, but the system is made to serve man. Therefore, before making ourselves part in any political movement, the questions we might ask are, "Does this or that system harmonize with our historical, social, and cultural backgrounds? Or does this system advance us economically, protect us from exploitation, and give us the opportunity to express ourselves freely?"

I recognize the fact that many African nationalists are attracted to socialism rather than to the Western capitalistic system. They feel that identification with Western capitalistic democracy means to abandon hope for change and progress. Dante in his *Inferno* wrote that on the entrance to Hell was placed an inscription which said: "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate qui," which means, "Abandon all hope, you who enter here." Naturally we can learn from Dante that any form of social or political life which is not capable of inspiring hope may be characterized as Hell. But why do the African nationalists hesitate to look for the fulfillment of their aspirations in the Western democratic system? Why do they consider it like Dante's hell, as without hope?

For one thing, Western leaders have seemed to ignore the sentiments of the people of developing nations while openly supporting authoritarian regimes like that of Haile Sellasie, the archetype of Bourbon reactionary. Secondly, Leninist exposition about the cause of imperialism has had a very subtle and penetrating effect on African nationalists' thinking. It is not easy for them to believe unreservedly that the West has given up its policy of imperialistic exploitation, carried out if not by open conquest, at least by concealed and artful economic and political manipulation. In order to overcome the appre-

hension which has resulted from past history, the West must demonstrate its probity, not by words of promise, but by genuine interest and tangible acts.

FINI

APPENDIX A



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EMBASSY OF ETHIOPIA

2134 KALORAMA ROAD, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20008

9th April, 1965.

His Imperial Majesty
Haile Selassie I
Emperor of Ethiopia

Your Majesty:

After a great deal of thought and deliberation in good conscience, mindful as I am of Your Majesty's concern of my reasoning, I am obliged to submit my resignation as Your Majesty's Ambassador & Plenipotentiary to the United States.

My reasons are obviously known to Your Majesty and to many of my fellow countrymen and, in order for me to peaceably proceed with my intention to promote a better relation between the people of Ethiopia and their government, I deemed it advisable to resign to avoid embarrassment or misunderstanding.

Respectfully,


Berhanou Dinke,
Ambassador.

Ambassador vs. Emperor

Berhanou Dinke, Ethiopia's Ambassador to the United States for the past four years, apparently has come to the conclusion that he no longer can represent an Emperor, Haile Selassie, with whom he so violently disagrees.

The Ambassador claims he quietly resigned his post on April 9, writing to his government, "This resignation is submitted with the view to organizing a council of citizens to plead the cause of freedom." The Ethiopian government counters that Dinke has been recalled, that his "resignation" came only after the Ethiopian Foreign Ministry learned that the Ambassador had written a critical book on the Emperor's government and was circulating a pamphlet extract of it within Ethiopia. Whichever way it was, even the United States Government did not become aware of a change in the Ethiopian ambassadorship here until Colonel Drew Pearson brought it to light in a broadcast Saturday.

Conceivably there are personality differences between the Ambassador and his Emperor, but these should not detract from a hard look at the Ambassador's criticism. Ethiopia today is both the oldest independent nation in Africa and one of the most backward. The Ethiopian Orthodox (Coptic) Church and the land-owning nobility long have stymied progress in education and land reform. Emperor Haile Selassie, while making some moves toward education and land reform, has been intolerant of political opposition.

The country is dreadfully poor yet goes in for the grand trappings of a sizable army and air force. Ethiopia is under no threat from internal communism. Her only potential threat externally comes from her border dispute with Somalia, a far smaller and weaker country. It could be argued that Haile Selassie's main use for a large militia is to maintain himself in power.

Ironically, it is the military, with exposure to foreign training and education, that has seen enough of the progress outside Ethiopia to yearn for reform at home. The Imperial Bodyguard attempted a coup in 1960, but the air force put it down.

Since then, the Emperor has repeatedly raised the pay of the military and given his country a more prominent role in the international scene. For example, he took a hand in starting the Organization of African Unity. But the younger generation in Ethiopia is impatient for more extensive reforms. The civil servants are frustrated by seeing their country improperly governed. Such older progressives as Ambassador Dinke, perceiving violent political changes elsewhere, want to avoid such a fate for Ethiopia by putting in the necessary reforms before it is too late.

The Ambassador's resignation should serve as a dramatic reminder to the Emperor that today not even the most benevolent despots can keep their subjects from hearing about the world outside and demanding a better life for themselves.

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የግንባታ ስራ ስራ

PAMPHLET'S SAMPLE IN AMHARIC

ነፃነት ስለሆነ በቅርቡ የመጣ ሰው ስለፍ አቋም በራሱ የሚፈጸም
 ውጤት የወሸቱ ፕሮፓጋንዳ፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን የደግሞ ልማት፡ እጠቅሳለሁ።
 ሕዝቡ ሌላ ነገር፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ አጭር፡ በሙሉ የወሸቱ፡ ወረዳ
 ርዕሱ፡ የሚሠራውን ያረፈ፡ ኃይለ ሥላሴን ራሷም፡ የምጭካከርበኝ፡
 ከታሪካዊው ውነቱ፡ በቀር፡ ሌላ መሣሪያ፡ ስለሌለኝ፡ ያገለግላለሁ፡
 መን፡ አለብኝ። የኢትዮጵያ፡ ራሷም፡ ቀርቶ የወጣ፡ አገር፡ ፕራሰን፡ ለመ
 ግዛት፡ መንግሥቱ፡ ጥሪት፡ ለጥብላቸው ራሷም፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡
 ርዕሱ፡ እነዚህም፡ የወጣ፡ አገር፡ ያለሙኝ፡ ለጥቅማቸው ሲሆን፡ የከፍረ
 ር፡ አገልግሎት፡ ይሰጡ፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ በየቀኑ፡ በኩል፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡
 ምን፡ ከማናቸውም፡ ይህም፡ በጣም፡ የሕረቱ ሲሆን፡ ርዕሱ፡ የሰላም፡ መሣ
 ሪያ፡ ሆነ፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ የሚገኘውም፡ ወረዳ፡ መሆኑን፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡
 ፍ፡ ምን፡ "A safe conscience makes a sound sleep" (ገንዘብ፡
 ሕረ፡ ያለው፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ ይወሰድዋል፡) እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ ሕረ፡
 ሆኖ፡ በእናቱ፡ ከገንዘብ፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ የተዘና፡ ስለሆነ፡ አልሸበር
 ምን፡ የሆነ፡ ሆኖ፡ በመጽሐፈው፡ ውስጥ፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ ለሰላም፡ ፕሮግ
 ሌም፡ አሳው፡ የአፄ ኃይለ ሥላሴ፡ መንግሥት፡ መሆኑን፡ አሁንም፡ እን
 ያገና፡ መታዘን፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ የሆነ፡ መንግሥት፡ ሲሆን፡ ሆኖ፡
 ይህ፡ ፍ፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ ምን፡ በደብዳቤ፡ ለመዘርዘር፡ ስፍራ፡ ይጠበቅ
 ስ፡ የሆነ፡ ሆኖ፡ በጣም፡ የሚያሻዝነው፡ ያረፈ፡ ኃይለ ሥላሴ፡ መንግሥት፡ ለሠ
 ራው፡ ስሕተት፡ የሚከተለው፡ ትውልድ፡ ህጻን፡ ከፋይ፡ መሆኑን፡ ቀናተኛ፡
 ገል፡ ሚስቱን፡ "እኔ፡ ከሞትኩ፡ በኋላ፡ ሌላ፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ ይህም፡
 እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ አፄ ኃይለ ሥላሴ፡ ኢትዮጵያን፡ በሕይወታቸው፡
 የሚፈጽሙት፡ የባርነት፡ አገዛዝ፡ አልበቃ፡ ሳይሆን፡ አብራሃው፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡
 በቀር፡ ወደመታዘን፡ ቢታቸው፡ በስንሰለት፡ ሲታዩት፡ ይታያል፡ መቸም፡
 ሥልጣን፡ ፍቅረት፡ የተነፃፈ፡ ሰው፡ ከሌላ፡ በቀር፡ ሌላ፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ ይቻ
 ወራል፡ ቀናተኛነቱም፡ የበለጠ፡ የሚቃጠለው፡ "እኔ፡ ከሞትኩ፡ በኋላ፡ ሥልጣ
 ኔን፡ የሚደዘው፡ እገራ፡ ሊሆን፡ ነውን?" የሚል፡ አባት፡ በአጭር፡ ሊዘጋጅ
 ወር፡ ነው፡ በቅርቡ፡ ምን፡ ሕዝቡን፡ ከፋሊሱ፡ በቅርቡ፡ ምን፡ ምን፡
 የመሪነት፡ ጠገደ፡ የሚታደግባቸውን፡ ሰዎች፡ ሁሉ፡ ይራባቸውን፡ አጠፋ፡
 ይህን፡ ሁሉ፡ በግልጽ፡ እየተመለከትን፡ "ለምን ወደው፡ ለምን ሲታረሙ፡ ሕ
 ዝገኙን፡ ሌላ፡ ከቀን፡ ሳንገል፡ እንደዚህ ሲሆን፡ ይህም፡ ወደ፡ ተገቢ ጠሽ! Ste-
 mislas Boufflers የተባለው፡ ሰው፡ ጥር፡ ያዘ፡ "Jealousy is the sister

of love, as devil is the brother of angels" (ጥያባ ስለ፡ የመ
ላክነት፡ ወገን፡ እንደሆነ፡ ቀናተኛነታም፡ የጭቅር፡ አህፉ፡ ምቹ፡ እንደሌለ
ው፡ ሁሉ፡ የአዲሱ፡ ሥላሴ፡ ሕዝባቸውን፡ ከጭቅርነት፡ በዚህ፡ አተረጋገጠ
ም፡ የተረጋገጠ፡ እንደሆነ፡ የአገጋገር፡ ራሱን፡ ይገባል፡፡... እሳይ፡ የጠቀሰና
ቸው፡ የጥገላገሉ፡ ራሱን፡ ኢጁን ያዩ፡ ግን፡ ኃይሉ፡ ሥላሴን፡ የመሰሰ፡ ጓጉሥ፡
በኢትዮጵያ፡ አልተሣሣም፡ ብለው፡ ሊያሰረዱን፡ ይጥብራሉ፡፡ ምክንያቱም
ብለን፡ የጠየቅናቸው፡ እንደሆነ፡ (ሀ) ስለኢትዮጵያ፡ ሃሳቶች፡ ገፋሽነት፡ ተጋጂ
ለ፡ (አ) አድራጊ፡ መታታ፡ ከተሰገደ፡ በኋላ፡ በድል፡ አድራጊነት፡ ተመልሶ፡ ያገራ
ቱን፡ ሃሳቶች፡ አቋቋመ፡ (ሐ) በኢትዮጵያ፡ ዘመናዊ፡ ትምህርት፡ አስገግ፡ (መ)
ኤርቶራ፡ ከናቶ፡ አገራ፡ እንድትቀላቀል፡ አደረገ፡ (ሠ) የአፍሪካ፡ አንድነት፡ ድርጅ
ት፡ እንደቋቋመ፡ የመጀመሪያውን፡ አርምጂ፡ ወሰን፡ (ረ) የድርጅቱ፡ ዋና፡ መሥ
ሪያ፡ ቤት፡ በአዲስ፡ አበባ፡ እንደሆነ፡ አደረገ፡ የሚል፡ ረዥም፡ ሊሰታ፡ ይሰጡናል፡፡
ግን፡ በ(ሀ) ቁጥር፡ ለተመለከተው፡ "የመሪ፡ አድራጊ፡ ግንባራ" እንደሚባለው፡ ኢ
ትዮጵያ፡ በረዥም፡ የታሪክ፡ ዘመናት፡ ውስጥ፡ ለመጀመሪያ፡ ጊዜ፡ የነፃነቷን፡ ክብ
ር፡ የተገራጠመው፡ በሰላም፡ መሆኑን፡ የሰጠው፡ ማሳሰቢያ፡ በ(አ) ቁጥር፡ ለ
ተመለከተው፡ የፋሽስት፡ ኃይል፡ በባለ፡ ቃልጊዳዎቹ፡ መንግሥታት፡ ከተሰበረ፡ በ
ኋላ፡ ኢትዮጵያ፡ ብቻ፡ ባትሆን፡ የአፍሪካና፡ የኢሻ፡ አገራትም፡ ሃሳታቸውን፡ እን
ዲያገኙ፡ የተወሰነበት፡ ዘመን፡ እንደነበረ፡ ለሰላምና፡ ለተቃራኒነት፡ ያሻ፡
ይሆን? በ(ሐ) ቁጥር፡ ለተመለከተው፡ ከጥንት፡ ጀምሮ፡ የራሷ፡ ራዕይና፡ ሥነ፡
ድህረት፡ ያላት፡ ኢትዮጵያ፡ በካህኑ፡ ጊዜ፡ በሕዝቧ፡ ውስጥ፡ አንገረዎቹ፡ በመቃ
ከራት፡ አይሆኑም፡ ሲባልና፡ ከሌሎቹ፡ የአፍሪካ፡ አገራትም፡ ሲመላከጉ፡ ምን፡ ዓይ
ነት፡ የትምህርት፡ እርምጃ፡ ተደረገ? በ(መ) ቁጥር፡ ለተመለከተው፡ ለሕገመንግሥት፡ ለ
ሰላምና፡ ለሰጠው፡ ምክንያት፡ ምን፡ ድካም? በዚህ፡ በተረጋገጠ፡ አገዛዝ፡ ውስጥ፡ አል
ነበረም፡ በሰላላት፡ እንጂ፡ ኢትዮጵያዊነቷን፡ በመከድ፡ አይደለም፡፡ ስለዚህ፡ ያዲ፡ ኃይ
ለ፡ ሥላሴ፡ መንግሥት፡ ኢትዮጵያ፡ ለመለያ፡ እንጂ፡ ለአንድነት፡ ያለግባል፡ ቢሉት፡
የሚያምን፡ አካላት፡ ዘላቅ፡ የሰላም፡ ፍላጎት፡ እንደሚሰጡ፡ በዚህ፡ ይገመታል፡፡ በ(ሠ)
ቁጥር፡ ለተመለከተው፡ ጥንት፡ አፍሪካኒዝም፡ በቀሪነት፡ ባሪስተር፡ ዘ. Syllvestre
William ቁርቋሪነት፡ በ፲፱፡ ፭፡ ም. ለገደ፡ ሳይ፡ እንደተጀመረና፡ እንደምን፡ እንደ
ተሰፋፋ፡ የሰጠው፡ ደም፡ ይሆን?... ስለዚህ፡ ፀሐይ፡ ሲወጣ፡ ጃንሆይ፡ ፀሐ
ይ፡ አወጡልን፡ ዝናም፡ ሲዘገም፡ ጃንሆይ፡ አዘነውልን፡ እያለ፡ እንደሰሰ፡ ከገደሽ
ንድ፡ የተደረገ፡ ሕዝብ፡ አስገቢነት፡ ድርሰት፡ መቃገል፡ ያሻል፡፡...

ያንተው፡
ብርሃኑ፡ ድንቁ